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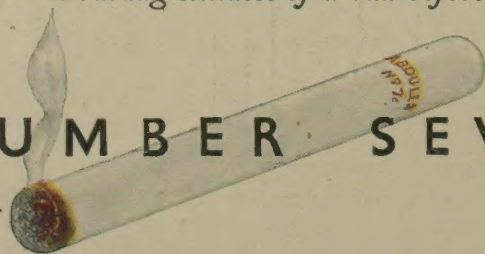
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1951.



"TWELFTH NIGHT" IN MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, WITNESSED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON FEBRUARY 2, 1951, THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS ORIGINAL PRODUCTION THERE BY SHAKESPEARE'S OWN COMPANY OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.

On Candlemas Day, February 2, 1601 (Old Style), what is believed to be the original production of "Twelfth Night" was given in Middle Temple Hall by Shakespeare's own Company of the Globe Theatre, a fact recorded in his diary by John Manningham, then a senior student or "Inner Barrister" of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. The Society arranged to give two performances of the play in the same setting, the Middle Temple Hall (which suffered heavy war damage, but is now restored to its original beauty), in honour of the 350th anniversary of the first production, and her Majesty the Queen,

who is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, graciously consented to attend the performance on Candlemas Day, February 2, 1951. The play was presented by Donald Wolfit and his company. Our photograph shows the cast assembled on the tiny stage, with Sebastian (Geoffrey Hodson), Olivia (Josephine Wilson), Malvolio (Donald Wolfit), Viola (Rosalind Iden), Feste (Bryan Johnson; kneeling) and Orsino (Raymond Young), left to right in the centre. The scenery consisted of a small screen. This originally simulated the large covers of the folio of "Twelfth Night," and the book was then "opened" to reveal the various scenes.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

JUDGING by what one reads in the public prints—or as the committee of an old St. James's Street club so charmingly called them the other day, the daily editions—the great-hearted, impulsive, democratic public of America appears to be as changeable, if not more so, in its likes and dislikes, as its British counterpart. This struck me very forcibly this morning when I read that on the other side of the Atlantic—the more go-ahead, better-fed side—Mr. Pandit Nehru is now regarded as the master of the British Cabinet and almost the chief villain, this side of the Iron Curtain, of the international scene. This for anyone with a memory that goes back for more than a decade, is most refreshing; as refreshing as the English left-wing intellectuals' astonishing and completely unexplained *volte-face* about their former Oriental idol, Chiang Kai-shek and his once so fashionable, ideologically speaking, lady. For, before the War, and even, if my recollection serves, during it, Pandit Nehru, whatever the British might then think of him, was, after Gandhi, the Asiatic darling of the American public. Romantically engaged in tweaking the British lion's tail, even when that stupid and patient animal was engaged, single-handed, in defending, among other things, both American and Indian civilisation against the Axis freebooter, Mr. Nehru could then, in American eyes, do no wrong. He was a kind, it seemed, of Indian George Washington. Even the fact that he was an old Harrovian and entitled to wear the old school-tie, was forgiven him or, more probably, overlooked. But now that the United States with her broken-reed allies—for so, my paper tells me, they are regarded on the banks of the Hudson and Mississippi—is facing the unpleasant consequences of what the American public so long, generously and vociferously demanded, the emancipation of India from British imperial tyranny, many Americans are growing very cross with this formerly popular Indian patriot. For outside India itself the principal result of Indian emancipation has been the substitution for the policing of the East by Indian fighting men of the lecturing of the West, particularly, it seems, the Far and Middle West, by Indian politicians. And though the British are long familiar with the sound, the sometimes perhaps rather illogical sound of Indian politicians lecturing the brutal and imperialistic West, the Americans are not, at least, not where it concerns themselves! What Mr. Nehru says, therefore, makes them wild. To make matters still worse, it seems that the formerly imperialistic British, instead of brutally and forcefully dominating this outspoken Oriental statesman as in the past, are now, feebly and weak-mindedly, dominated by him instead. Instead of standing four-square with Uncle Sam and telling the Chinese to go to China, Mr. Attlee and his timid colleagues, so Americans affirm, have shown a lamentable tendency to listen to Mr. Nehru's pacifist lectures and even, in their meek, rather smug way, to applaud his delicately balanced step-dance on the top of the eastern half of the Iron Curtain. What would not militant Chicago give at this moment, one wonders, for a charge of Sikhs and Bengal Lancers after the pig-tailed heathen Chinese in Korea in the manner of the Opium War of 1861! One of my earliest treasures is an engraving of my childhood's hero, that gallant Mutiny veteran, Sir Dighton Probyn, charging at the head of his Lancers across the Chinese plain; so impetuous and overwhelming is their assault that one cannot even see the dastardly and doubtless fugitive enemy. For in those forthright days, though America did not think so at the time, the British knew how to deal

with Orientals. They used them, as General MacArthur now advocates, to keep one another in order. And Mr. Nehru, infatuated man, just won't play the game and stretches pale hands across the Himalayas to Red Pekin! It is enough to make even Colonel McCormick an Empire Crusader. In other words, to be serious, the Americans cannot have been right in the bad old days before Indian emancipation and also be right now. A certain amount of inconsistency is inevitable in human affairs, but scarcely as much as all that.

However, people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, and every Englishman has lived in one for years. What both British and American democratic opinion needs to acquire most of all is a sense

and United Nations, and not to expect the latter to wage war against China, is totally unreasonable. And it is as unreasonable for us, whose direct stake in Korea is so much smaller and whose casualties there are so much lower, to expect Americans to endure easily such an unfair and one-sided state of affairs. It may, for global strategic reasons, be expedient to do so, but it is more than flesh and blood can endure.

Yet there is another point in which, I feel, American opinion is unreasonable. The United Nations Organisation is not, as many Americans and Britons seem to suppose, a world Government whose function it is to promulgate orders and be obeyed. Still less is it an instrument for imposing the righteous will of Western

democracy on the unenlightened rest of mankind. It is an international debating society, or parliament, in which the point of view of its various national participants becomes the property of all through the processes of public advocacy and discussion. The greatest service that U.N.O. can do in regard to Communist China is not to restrain or coerce the Chinese by force; that U.N.O., indeed, cannot do, but only the armies, fleets and air forces of fighting nations. It is rather to bring Communist China into the polity of nations, and that involves, of necessity, giving Communist China a voice and representation in that polity. So long as the United States, the most powerful nation represented at Lake Success, and the one most actively engaged against the Chinese, persists in its refusal to recognise the Chinese Government or to allow it a legitimate place as China's representative at the international council table, the real purpose of U.N.O. cannot be achieved. Any American observer of the international scene who questions this thesis should imagine what would be his own instinctive reaction, as a free-born citizen of the greatest nation on earth, if any sovereign body over which he had no control and in whose affairs he had no part, were to claim a unilateral right to judge and restrain his actions. He would, I fancy, cease to act rationally and react with most justifiable vehemence and passion. And that, though their motives may be utterly different, is what the rulers of China have done. If U.N.O. is what it claims to be—and it can only justly condemn and outlaw China as a nation if it is—the Chinese have a right to be represented in its debates and council by their own *de facto* Government. It is not for another nation, however powerful, to determine for them what Government is to represent them and then refuse to sit down with any other. The Government of the United States, like the Government of Great Britain, has been freely elected; the Government of modern China, like the Government of modern Russia, has been established by internal force of arms. But no member of U.N.O. is entitled to refuse another representation because its Government has been chosen by a different method to its own. That is the real logic of the Far Eastern crisis if it is to be solved by the forms of peaceful debate,

as everyone in both America and Britain still hopes it will be. If it is to be decided by war alone, that is another matter. But, until the affair has been consigned to the arbitrament of force and all that that implies, the first pre-requisite to a peaceful settlement is to let the Chinese Government—the only Government that now exists in China—answer for its own actions in the forum of nations.

N.B.—The views expressed in the articles on "Our Note-Book" page are those held personally by Mr. Arthur Bryant, and do not necessarily represent those held by the Editor.



THE GREATEST SHOWMAN OF HIS TIME: SIR CHARLES B. COCHRAN, WHO DIED IN A LONDON HOSPITAL ON JANUARY 31 AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT.

One of the most brilliant lights in the theatrical world went out on the last day of January when Sir Charles Blake Cochran died, at the age of seventy-eight, a week after being seriously scalded in his bath. The greatest showman of his generation and the outstanding impresario of the London theatre, he provided entertainment in the grand style. During his career he made and lost fortunes; he also "made" more stars than any other international showman, and "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies" of his great revues were the modern Gaiety Girls. Born in 1872, he was at Brighton Grammar school, where he shared a study with Aubrey Beardsley. The year 1895 saw his first production, Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman." His first London production was "Sporting Simpson" in 1902. At one time he created a craze for roller-skating; a fashion for pygmies; and he transformed Olympia into a cathedral setting for his great production of "The Miracle" in 1911. C. B. Cochran collaborated with Mr. Noël Coward in many ventures, including "This Year of Grace," "Bitter Sweet" and "Cavalcade." After World War II, he scored successes with "Big Ben" and "Bless the Bride." Knighted in 1948, Sir Charles was nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in May last year. He wrote four volumes of reminiscences—"The Secrets of a Showman"; "I Had Almost Forgotten"; "Cock-a-Doodle-Do," and "A Showman Looks On." In 1903 he married Miss Evelyn Alice Dade, who survives him. (Photograph by Vivienne, London.)

of political balance and historical perspective. We in this country are in no position to blame Americans for being either short-memoried or unrealistic. We had, therefore, better learn to tolerate one another's occasional follies as we tolerate, so complacently, our own. Our fates are bound together. And in one thing at least United States opinion is far more right than ours. Whether we care to label it so or not, the United Nations and, most of all, the United States, which in this instance is providing the bulk of the United Nations' army, is engaged in active war with the Chinese at the deliberate choice of the latter. For the Chinese to wage war against the Americans



COUNTERING THE INVISIBLE FOE WITH AN INVISIBLE ANTI-BANDIT PATROL: A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF JUNGLE CAMOUFLAGE BY A SMALL GROUP OF MEN OF THE LOCALLY-RECRUITED R.A.F. REGIMENT (MALAYA), MOVING THROUGH THE FOREST AGAINST THE COMMUNIST BANDITS IN MALAYA.



CARRYING ITS OWN CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE: A JEEP OF THE GROUND SECURITY FORCES, FITTED WITH SMOKE-BOMBS WHICH CAN BE IGNITED BY THE DRIVER IF THE VEHICLE RUNS INTO AN AMBUSH. THE SCREEN GIVES AN IMMENSE TACTICAL ADVANTAGE AND HAS BEEN USED WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

TWO KINDS OF CAMOUFLAGE USED TO OUTWIT AND DEFEAT THE COMMUNIST BANDITS IN THE JUNGLES OF MALAYA.

Throughout the period of Communist bandit activity in Malaya, one of the great advantages resting with the bandits has been their invisibility and so the power to disperse and reassemble in the jungle, choosing their own time and place for operations and ambushes. The two interesting photographs which we reproduce above show how the forces of law and order, the Ground Security Forces—which is the generic term covering Army, R.A.F. Regiment and Police—are invoking the same cloak of invisibility for their own counter-strokes. The upper picture shows five men of the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya) giving an excellent example of camouflage as they move through the jungle on patrol. The R.A.F.

Regiment (Malaya) is locally recruited but has a majority of British officers and N.C.O.s, and although it is designed primarily for airfield defence it takes its turn in jungle operations and has scored several notable successes. The lower picture shows a very interesting tactical device. By fitting a number of smoke-bombs to jeeps in such a way that they can be ignited by the driver, this maid-of-all-work vehicle is converted into a sort of "warship of the jungle." Smoke clears slowly in the sheltered jungle tracks and behind its screen an ambushed jeep can be diverted, reversed or temporarily abandoned invisibly; and the ambushed can in their turn ambush the ambushers.

A SMOKING FURY THAT BREATHES DEATH: MOUNT LAMINGTON, IN PAPUA, NEW GUINEA.



A MOUNTAIN THAT LOST 2000 FT. IN HEIGHT IN A WEEK: MOUNT LAMINGTON, IN PAPUA, SHOWING THE VAST RENT CAUSED BY THE ERUPTIONS.



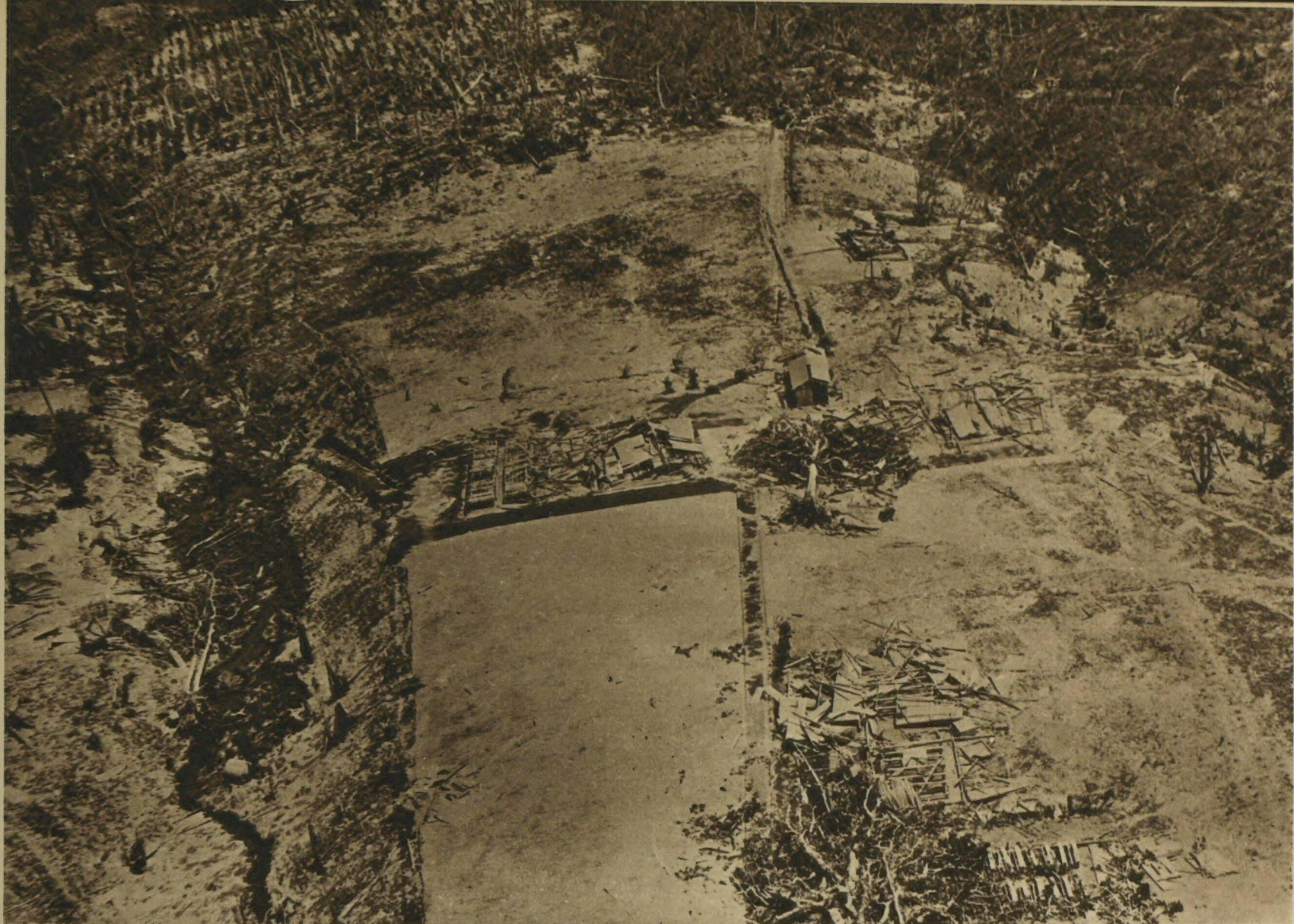
THE RED-HOT CRATER FROM WHICH CAME A STREAM OF DEATH: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SMOKING HEART OF MOUNT LAMINGTON.



DIGGING FOR VICTIMS BENEATH PILED-UP ASH AND CHOKING PUMICE DUST: NATIVE POLICEMEN PERFORMING THEIR GRIM TASK IN A VILLAGE NEAR HIGATURU.

Mount Lamington, a volcano near Buna, on the north coast of Papua, New Guinea, which had never, according to recorded history, been known to erupt before, started a series of eruptions on January 18. So great was the force of the explosion that 2000 ft. of the mountain, was blown off the top, reducing its height from 5000 to 3000 ft. In our last issue we published photographs of

some of the victims, the area affected and the volcano itself. At the time of writing, the latest official report from New Guinea gives the casualties caused by the eruptions as 4000 natives and 35 Europeans. The last eruption to date took place on January 27 at 11.30 p.m. and continued for over three hours, during which time smoke was shooting 25,000 ft. upwards from the crater.



ONLY SIX MILES FROM MOUNT LAMINGTON AND DEVASTATED BY THE FULL BLAST OF THE ERUPTIONS: HIGATURU, SHOWING UPROOTED TREES AND WRECKED BUILDINGS.



WHERE 400 PEOPLE PERISHED: HIGATURU; A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED VILLAGE CARPETED IN ASH AND PUMICE DUST.

RAVAGED BY THE FURY OF NATURE—NOT MAN'S: HIGATURU, NEAR MOUNT LAMINGTON, WHERE 400 PEOPLE PERISHED.

Entire villages in Papua, New Guinea, were obliterated during the recent eruptions of Mount Lamington. Higaturu, only about six miles from the volcano, was one of the villages where all the inhabitants perished. It was here that the rescue party led by Mr. Ivan Champion, Director of District Services, saw many grim scenes. Mr. C. S. Cowley, the District Commissioner,

was found dead in his car; also Dr. P. Martin, his wife and child. Apparently the inhabitants had only a few minutes' warning and were trying to escape. The rescue party was hampered by suffocating pumice dust and red-hot ashes on the ground. Several pages of photographs dealing with aspects of the Mount Lamington disaster appeared in our last issue.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

EARLY ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH FURNITURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

AMONG several pieces of early furniture now to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum is the roughly made, well proportioned but rather forbidding oak chair of Fig. 1, which combines various obviously Gothic features (for example, the cusped ogival arches between the legs on either side, the crocketed cresting and the curve of the two arms) and Renaissance fashion, especially the circular medallion on the back, with its profile head, which is a favourite device on late fifteenth- and early sixteenth-century Italian and French furniture. I have in mind numerous examples in which medallions of this sort are beautifully "married" to fine walnut, as well as to oak. The method of construction is definitely primitive—five massive, shaped boards, of which one forms the back and rear legs, while the two smaller boards form the seat and front. The chair is consequently exceedingly heavy, well adapted to bear the weight of one of Mr. Eric Linklater's quarrelsome giants. I have to be careful how I write about importations from Scotland, because some recent innocent remarks of mine on quite another subject and in another connection brought me a letter from an indignant lady who accused me of "being in the pay of the King of England." However, I think I can venture to remark, without giving offence, that this extremely interesting early Scottish chair—for Scottish it is, and the head-dress and costume of the medallion were the fashion under James V.—exhibits a praiseworthy attempt to adapt the current mode on the Continent to a much earlier tradition, and the fact that the portrait is singularly forbidding is neither here nor there. The

much above the ordinary. The carving is crisp and lively and delicate, particularly the sprays of leaves in the back panels. In the centre of the cresting (that is, the top portion of the back) is a finial flanked on each side by two recumbent female figures. Most unusual also are the legs and arm-supports; it is normal for

the word to-day, and this splendid piece represents an early stage. The bulbous supports on the lower floor, as it were, though better carved than the majority, are the normal form for this type. In ordinary pieces these bulbous supports are repeated above, but here their places are taken by carved griffins as proud as the fiercest heraldic lions and twice as grim. Note also the gadrooned front to the centre board, the nice strap-work on the cupboard door, and the crisply carved flowing pattern of the upper portion. Another item from the same generous gift is the late seventeenth-century walnut stool of Fig. 3. I suppose most people would agree that this can be dated about 1690, a period when such things were liable to be decked out with extraordinarily intricate carving. I am thinking at the moment of one such stool, with four carved stretchers centred on to a sort of wedding-cake in the middle—an example of extreme elaboration which is not to everyone's taste to-day. This, I think, goes about as far in flowing curves as our generation considers proper, and does it very harmoniously—scrolls and leaf patterns, and what I take for a shell, in the centre. These walnut stools are very rare, and I imagine the Museum authorities are delighted to possess so perfect an example. Another piece well worth close examination is a mahogany breakfast-table of the middle of the eighteenth century (Fig. 2), which is very close to a design by Thomas Chippendale in the first edition of the "Director" (1754, plate 33). It has two side flaps, a drawer beneath, and beneath that a shelf enclosed by panels of fretwork in what our ancestors fondly hoped was "the Chinese taste." It is a most agreeable, practical and simple table, and a useful reminder to those of us who can only think of Chippendale as a man who delighted in elaborate carving, that he was just as happy and no less competent when devising and carrying out a piece not intended for some great



FIG. 1. COMBINING VARIOUS OBVIOUSLY GOTHIC FEATURES AND RENAISSANCE FASHION: AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHAIR IN OAK

This chair "combines various obviously Gothic features (for example, the cusped ogival arches between the legs on either side, the crocketed cresting and the curve of the two arms) and Renaissance fashion, especially the circular medallion on the back, with its profile head. . . ."



FIG. 2. VERY CLOSE TO A DESIGN BY THOMAS CHIPPENDALE IN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE "DIRECTOR": A MAHOGANY BREAKFAST-TABLE.

This breakfast-table, recently presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Brigadier W. E. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., through the National Art-Collections Fund, is very close to a design by Thomas Chippendale in the first edition of the "Director" (1754, plate 33). The knife-box shown standing on it dates from c. 1775.

moustachioed face on the front board is, I must admit, a trifle incongruous; but then, the simple-minded conrver had never seen a Mr. Punch drawing of a Victorian tenor warbling Tosti's "Good-bye." Presumably the head is set among wings, or are they flames? Sun god? Or was the carver merely filling up space with a fantasy and using himself or a friend as a model?

The other newly acquired pieces, which have now been placed on exhibition, are the gift of Brigadier Clark, through the National Art-Collections Fund. The armchair of Fig. 4 (right) is an uncommonly fine example of a type of oak chair which seems to have had its origin in Lancashire, and had a numerous progeny down to the end of the eighteenth century throughout the north-west. The later chairs of this sort which, for want of a more precise definition, can be called the farmhouse variety, echo the style with their four stretchers and turned legs and arm supports in a much simplified form. This piece is very

them to be baluster-shaped—here, in addition, the maker has given them Ionic capitals and has fluted them, a feature which is not easily distinguishable in the photograph. Of its kind then, a well-mannered, not to say a princely, chair of the early seventeenth century. I suppose the sideboard of Fig. 4 (left) is about fifty years earlier. Sideboards began as three open shelves—that is, like this, without the shut-in part—and were used to display the family plate. They are referred to in inventories of the period as "court cupboards," and it is well to be reminded that cupboard, in the old sense of the term, meant merely a board on which you placed your cups. It was a longish journey to the sideboard as we understand



FIG. 3. A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A RARE VARIETY OF PIECE: A CARVED WALNUT STOOL, c. 1690.

The gift of Brigadier W. E. Clark to the Victoria and Albert Museum through the National Art-Collections Fund includes this carved walnut stool covered in tent stitch embroidery. It is a perfect example of a rare variety of piece.



FIG. 4. A "PRINCELY CHAIR OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY" (RIGHT) AND A SIDEBOARD SOME FIFTY YEARS EARLIER.

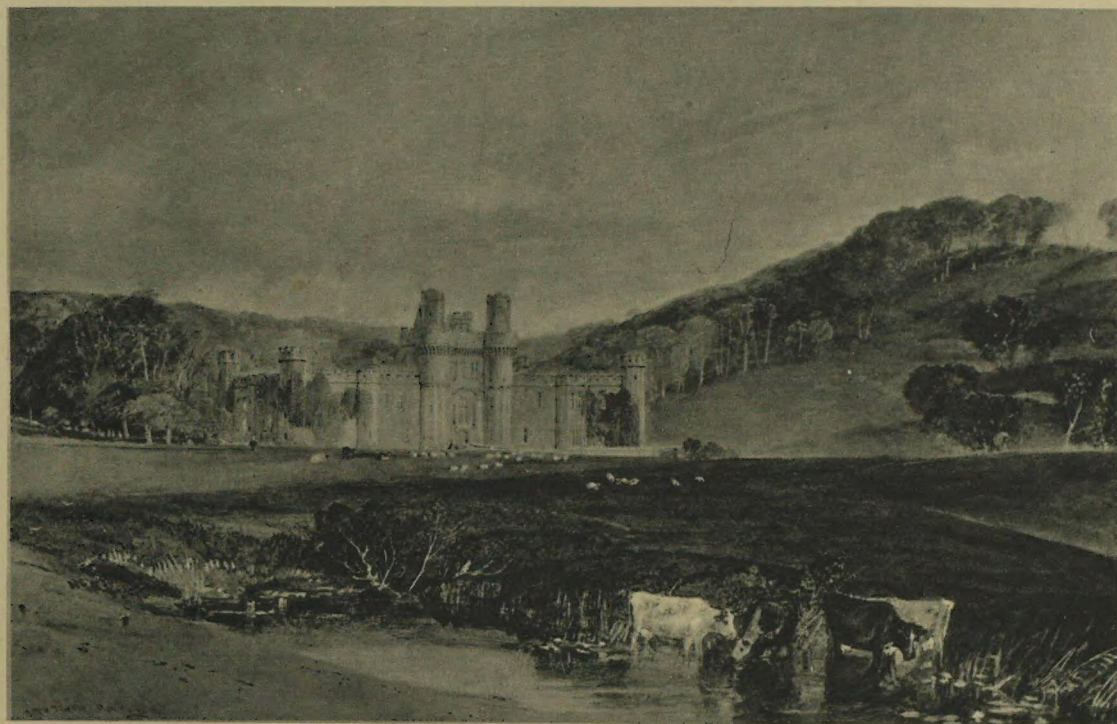
"This piece," writes Frank Davis of the chair illustrated, "is very much above the ordinary. The carving is crisp and lively and delicate. . . . Most unusual also are the legs and arm-supports. . . ." The sideboard, also included in Brigadier W. E. Clark's most generous gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum, is some fifty years earlier than the chair.

reception-room. There is also a knife-box in mahogany with silver mounts of about 1775 (shown in Fig. 2 on the table); and two wall-lanterns in dark Cuban mahogany of about 1730. These latter I thought very interesting, if a trifle ponderous. We are all familiar with various types of wall-lights and candle-holders, but I do not remember coming across things of this sort before, though I dare say many readers will have done so. I can best describe them as like the top of a grandfather clock, with sides and front of glass, fixed on the wall by a bracket and with an ornamental carved cresting. Perhaps it will not be out of place here to note that the rearrangement of the magnificently varied collections at the Victoria and Albert Museum is progressing week by week, and that many of us are looking forward with particular interest to the near future (the month of May, I believe) when the whole range of Italian Renaissance furnishings, doorways, sculpture and maiolica should be visible in all its splendour of form and colour.

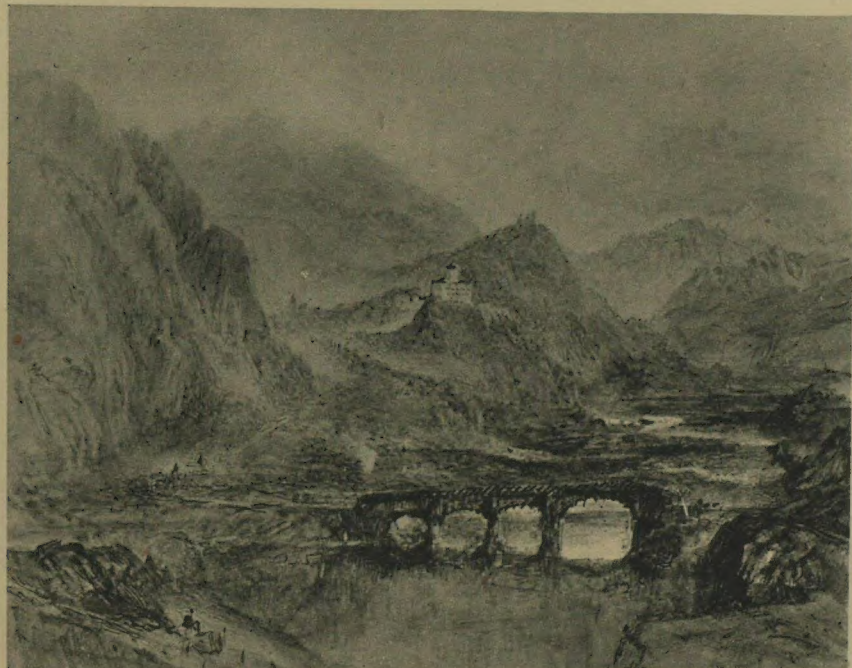
TURNER AT HIS BEST: SELDOM-SEEN WORKS IN A LONDON CENTENARY EXHIBITION.



"PEMBROKE CASTLE." ONE OF THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS IN THE FIRST GROUP OF THE EXHIBITION REPRESENTING TURNER'S EARLY PERIOD UP TO 1802, OR SOON AFTER. (From the collections of the Earl of Harewood and W. Pitt Miller. 26 by 39 ins.)



"HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE." FROM THE SECOND GROUP, 1802 TO c. 1820. ENGRAVED IN "VIEWS IN SUSSEX," 1820. (From the collections of J. Fuller of Rosehill and Sir Acland Hood. 14½ by 22 ins.)

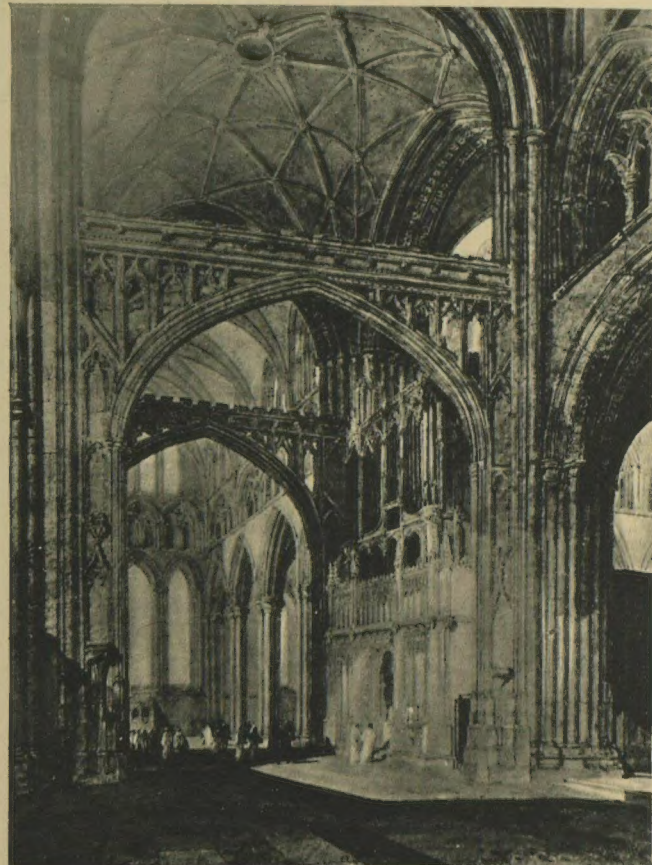


"AN ALPINE VALLEY," 1835-1840. A DRAWING FROM THE FOURTH GROUP, SKETCHES FROM c. 1830 ONWARDS. (From the collections of C. S. Bale and Laundry Walters. 8½ by 11½ ins.)

Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A., one of the greatest of English landscape artists, was born in London on April 23, 1775, and died in Chelsea on December 19, 1851. Many of his sketches and drawings are in public galleries, but a high proportion of his finished water-colour drawings remain in private collections, and the general public has had few opportunities of seeing many of them for the last thirty years. Messrs. Agnew thus decided to organise a loan exhibition of some hundred of Turner's best water-colours from private collections to mark



"A FIRST-RATER TAKING IN STORES"; SIGNED AND DATED 1818. FROM THE SECOND GROUP, 1802 TO c. 1820, A DRAWING MADE ONE MORNING BETWEEN BREAKFAST AND LUNCHTIME. (From the collection of Walter Fawkes of Farnley. 11 by 15½ ins.)



"THE INTERIOR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH TRANSEPT," 1797-1798. FROM THE FIRST GROUP, UP TO 1802. (Collections of Sir R. Colt Hoare, Mrs. von Mumm and C. M. Agnew. 26 by 19½ ins.)



"FLORENCE," c. 1825. FROM THE THIRD GROUP IN THE EXHIBITION, FROM c. 1820 TO c. 1838. (From the collections of Munro of Novar, the Hon. W. F. D. Smith and Sir J. Beecham. 11½ by 16½ ins.)

the centenary of his death, and by means of the generosity and co-operation of the owners of the drawings, have arranged a notable show at their galleries in Old Bond Street and Albemarle Street. It was due to open to the public on February 7, and will continue for approximately four weeks. It is in aid of the Artists General Benevolent Institution, of which Turner was treasurer or chairman from 1815 to 1830, and a trustee from 1830 to 1842, and the entire proceeds, without any deduction for expenses, will be given to this excellent cause.



"IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND"? : HOAR FROST CLOTHES THE BOUGHS LIKE APRIL BLOSSOM.

Although the icy hand of Winter still has us in its grip, the first promises of the Spring, which will not be with us officially for another six weeks, are beginning to unfold. The birds are singing a welcome to St. Valentine, the days are lengthening, and the snowdrops have pierced their way through the

hard earth. Beheld in sunlight, even a severe hoar frost transforms the winter scene until it is "apparell'd like the Spring," the branches of the trees appear heavy as with April blossom, and the cold fingers of winter seem to relax their hold. This striking photograph was taken in Essex.



"ONCE IN A BLUE SUN": A PHENOMENON WHICH RECENTLY STARTLED OBSERVERS, SHOWN IN A PROBABLY UNIQUE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

IN September last, the sight of a blue sun startled men and women in different parts of the world. On the 27th it was reported from Basle, in Switzerland, that the sun had turned a sapphire colour, resembling neon lighting, and the phenomenon was observed over parts of France, Sweden, Denmark and Germany, and caused a panic in the Braga district of Northern Portugal. On September 26 a blue sun shone over Scotland, and at night the moon over London and other parts of the country was blue, while on the 28th the Straits of Gibraltar and the North African coast had a brilliant blue dawn. Meteorological offices state that the phenomenon was doubtless caused by a vast quantity of minute particles of dust and ashes blown across the Atlantic from Canada as a result of the vast forest fires which had taken place there. Blue, green and purple suns have been observed in the past in different parts of the world, and can be attributed with considerable certainty to large-scale fires or to volcanic eruptions. In 1883, after the tremendous volcanic explosion of Krakatoa, which lasted for two days and resulted in the island being reduced to dust and replaced by a large cavity, a blue sun shone over large areas in the tropics. Our remarkable colour photograph of the Gareloch bathed in the cold rays of the azure sun gives an idea of the extraordinary effect of this phenomenon. It recalls moonlight, but its radiance is blue, in opposition to the silver sheen of Artemis.

Colour Photograph by Ian G. Gilchrist, A.R.P.S.



GLEAMING WITH SOMETHING LIKE THE PRISTINE SPLENDOUR OF ITS BRONZE, SILVER AND IVORY:
THE METAPONTO HELMET, PROBABLY THE FINEST KNOWN GREEK HELMET OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

The story of the acquisition of this magnificent Greek helmet by the St. Louis City Art Museum and an account of its extremely skilful restoration were given in our issue of August 5, 1950, by Dr. T. T. Hoopes, the Curator of that Museum. Briefly, the helmet, which is unique in the combination of its features, was found at Metaponto, a colony of Achaean Greeks founded about 700 B.C., not far from modern Taranto. After passing through several hands, it was acquired by the Museum, but it was then in a considerably damaged condition, lacking the nasal piece, the horns and ears of the ram, and the crest, to which only a few pieces of silver sheet gave the clue. It was

also considerably corroded. For the restorations which have since been made, there is at all stages authority either in vestigial traces or from comparison with known examples at New York, Naples and the British Museum. Furthermore, all the major restored parts are attached only by concealed clamps, and can be removed at a moment's notice without injury to the helmet. The helmet, which may be dated to the sixth century B.C., is of bronze, the horse-tail crest is of silver sheet mounted on plastic (probably leather in the original), and the triangular crest-holder is of ivory. The eyes in the head and cheek-pieces were also supplied, and are also of ivory.

From a colour transparency by the Justin Savage Studio, St. Louis, Missouri.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST WITH
THE METAPONTO CRESTED HELM:
A NOBLE CORINTHIAN EXAMPLE
OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

THE Corinthian bronze helmet, of which two views are shown on this page, is of great intrinsic importance and gains also in particular interest by comparison with the elaborate helmet recently acquired by the St. Louis City Art Museum, illustrated in colour on the facing page. The Corinthian bronze helmet has been recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Our two photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the Boston Museum and the following remarks are based on an article by the Museum's Acting Curator of Classical Art, Mr. George H. Chase. It is said to have been found in a grave at Valenzano, near Bari—ancient Barium, in ancient times, as well as now, the most important town of Apulia. It is of the type described as the fully-developed Corinthian type, with fixed cheek-pieces, and it may be dated to the last quarter of the sixth century B.C. This date is determined primarily by, first, the ridge which divides the upper part of the helmet from the lower and, second, by the "eye-brow" mouldings which run from the top of the nose-guard to the region of the temples; and these features are discovered also in pottery and comparable examples which can be securely dated. The engraved decoration consists of an elaborate palmette above the nose-piece, "supported" by two bulls, moving forward with lowered head. They are slightly archaic in design and it is interesting that the advanced foreleg is unnaturally short, the engraver having been apparently cramped by the ridge of the moulding. Round the edge of the nose-piece, eye-holes and along what remains of the bottom edge appear a number of holes which, besides adding to the decorative effect, are believed to have been used in securing a lining of leather or similar material with bronze pins—some of which still remain. When found, the helmet had a simple bronze crest attached, but it is believed that this was not original but was added at the time of the burial. Some doubts on the authenticity of the piece had been expressed, but laboratory test on the patina and corrosion phenomena prove the helmet to have all the characteristics of an ancient piece, and this fine helmet is therefore considered genuine.



A REMARKABLE CORINTHIAN BRONZE HELMET, ACQUIRED BY THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS—AN INTERESTING CONTRAST WITH THE METAPONTO HELMET (OPPOSITE). THE UPPER FRONTAL VIEW SHOWS THE SMALL HOLES WHICH SECURED THE LEATHER LINING; THE LOWER VIEW THE ENGRAVING AND RIDGE WHICH DATE IT TO THE LATE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



A FAMOUS SPOT ON THE RIVIERA WHICH STILL RETAINS ITS TRADITIONALLY CAREFREE

Monte Carlo, perhaps the most celebrated spot on the Riviera, stands on a rocky promontory called Les Spélunges, on which shepherds once pastured their flocks. It owes its chief fame to the Casino, built in 1878, after the designs of Charles Garnier, on a hill overlooking the sea. This is probably

the world's best-known rendezvous for gamblers, and is a favourite with holiday-makers, who find it amusing to stake a little at roulette or trente-et-quarante when playing truant from ordinary life with its many anxieties, and enjoying the atmosphere of leisure and elegance which Monte Carlo still

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



ATMOSPHERE OF LEISURE AND ELEGANCE: THE SQUARE OUTSIDE THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

retains. The drawing on these pages shows the square in front of the Casino (left background) with, on the right, the Hotel de Paris. The round garden in the centre of the place is locally known as the "Camenbert," and is the accepted place for rendezvous. At mid-day the square is the gathering place

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRENAU.

for all *le monde chic* and provides many contrasts. The elegance of magnificent motor-cars is matched by the smartness of horse vehicles, which bring the holiday-makers together for the *Heure de l'Apéritif*, either at the Paris Bar, the Café de Paris or the Casino bar on the terrace.

PARADES IN MONACO—SOLDIERS OF THE PRINCIPALITY; AND FASHIONS.



MILITARY PARADE IN MONACO: THE COMPANY OF CARABINIERS WHICH FORM THE BODYGUARD OF PRINCE RAINIER III. CHANGING GUARD WITH MUCH BLOWING OF BUGLES. IN THE BACKGROUND MAY BE SEEN THE PALACE, WHICH DOMINATES THE ROCK ON WHICH THE OLD TOWN STANDS.



PARISIAN FASHIONS AT MONTE CARLO: A MANNEQUIN PARADE OF THE LATEST MODELS OF THE GREAT FRENCH HOUSES ON A GALA NIGHT AT THE MONTE CARLO SPORTING CLUB, WHICH ADJOINS THE CASINO. THE DRESSES WORN BY THE SPECTATORS VIE IN ELEGANCE WITH THOSE IN THE SHOW.

The winter season in Monaco, the principality of 370 acres which has long been established as Europe's playground, is in full swing. The Motor Rally ended last week with the test on the Monaco Grand Prix circuit, Monte Carlo, and the *Concours de Confort*, and golf and lawn tennis events are scheduled for the coming weeks, while visitors may enjoy concerts, operatic and theatrical performances and a season of ballet. Fashion parades are sometimes staged on gala nights at the Sporting Club, which adjoins the Casino, and the elegance of the dresses of women spectators vies with

that of the models worn by the mannequins. The ruler of the principality, Prince Rainier III., resides in the Castle, originally built by his ancestor, Gibellino Grimaldi, a knight of Genoa, for defence against the Moors. The residential portion bears no resemblance to the original structure, but the towers date from the thirteenth century. The company of some 100 Carabiniers which form the Royal bodyguard wear blue-and-red uniforms and helmets with red-and-white plumes. Many of the men were originally noncommissioned officers of the French Army.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE FAIRY-LIKE TOWN OF MONACO: CAPITAL OF A PRINCIPALITY WHOSE EXISTENCE IS AN ANOMALY.

Monaco, set on a limestone crag rising out of the Mediterranean, resembles a fairy-tale town, as befits the capital of the minute principality of that name whose existence is an anomaly in modern times. Our Artist has depicted its fantastic terraces, rising tier after tier from sea-level. Below the railway viaduct, which winds through the town, peers the church of Ste. Dévote,

patron saint of Monaco. She was martyred in 303 A.D. by the pagan Governor of Corsica, and a white dove guided the rowers of the boat which brought her body to Monaco for burial. A symbolic boat is burned annually on the shore on the eve of her feast, which has been kept on January 27 for over 1600 years.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

I ALWAYS open a new volume of Captain Morison's history of the United States Navy in the Second World War with pleasurable expectation. The events are crowded and exciting in themselves, so crowded that later history may do them less than justice. When there occur half-a-dozen naval actions within a month, each smart enough to make a big mark in the annals of other wars, it seems inevitable that they should eventually be shortened and in some cases forgotten. Here they will always stand out. For all its mass of technical detail, the story as told by this writer is salty, racy, arresting and, above all, human. He does not forget that wars are fought by men. His last volume covered the struggle for Guadalcanal. This is concerned with the breaking of the great barrier based on the northern Solomons, New Britain and New Ireland, the Bismarck

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE OUTFLANKING OF RABAUL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

affairs of Admiral Halsey's command, where skill was evenly matched with skill and, at the outset, there actually remained a slight balance in Japanese favour in this respect.

This period in Admiral Halsey's sphere witnessed action after action in "The Slot," the water between Guadalcanal and Bougainville, which almost amounts to a wide strait some 307 miles in length, since the north-eastern side is bordered by the long islands of Santa Isabella and Choiseul, and the south-western by the Russell Isles, New Georgia, Kolombangara, Vella Lavella, and the Treasury Isles. To begin with, the Japanese enjoyed a great advantage in airfields dominating this lane, but it was one for which some compensation was already in American hands in the shape of improved aircraft, both carrier-borne and land-based. The Americans also possessed radar; the Japanese had it only in rare instances. Yet they possessed the priceless asset of first-class look-outs with exceptionally good eyes, a genuine liking for and belief in night fighting, the better and the longer-range torpedoes, and good training in torpedo tactics. The Battles of Kula Gulf and Kolombangara, fought with supreme gallantry on both sides, must be counted on balance as Japanese victories, though far from decisive. Again, Admiral Ijuin was victorious at Vella Lavella—but it was in covering an evacuation. The Americans were winning the Solomons, and their over-estimation of the enemy's losses raised their spirits while doing no great harm. Unless I am mistaken, this was the last Japanese naval victory, and when the battle was fought mainly in the air, there could no longer be any doubt about the result.

Halsey's first major undertaking was the invasion of New Georgia, where the Munda airfield was to provide a stepping-stone towards Rabaul, at the north end of New Britain. It is easy to criticise eight years after the event, and when one is warmed by a comfortable dinner in hall and one's due share of the college claret; but it does seem that this affair was badly conducted,

though, strictly speaking, rather on the military than on the naval side. The very notion of landing on a tropical, marshy and thickly wooded island with the prospect of an overland march without reconnaissance is hair-raising. Well might a Marine retort, when told it was so far to his destination as the crow flies: "That may be, Colonel, but we ain't crows." Munda was secured, but Captain Morison's remark that "we certainly took it the hard way," will command agreement. Then came Kolombangara, where the Japanese achieved an extraordinary feat in taking off nearly 10,000 men in five nights in destroyers and barges—but the Americans got the island and Vella Lavella. Next objective was so much of the great island of Bougainville as would provide airfields from which cover could be provided for the heavy bombers in their attacks on Rabaul. There were 60,000 Japanese on the island and its satellites. The landing was brilliantly conducted, and Rear-Admiral Merrill was victorious when the Japanese light naval forces intervened. Ashore, an adequate perimeter was secured, though it took some time to expand it sufficiently.

Meanwhile Rabaul had been hammered by the Army Air Force bombers, but was still very much alive, and had been strongly reinforced in ships and aircraft. A series of large-scale and intense air battles was now fought between the Japanese naval and military aircraft and those of the Solomons Air Command, "Airsols." The fighting was terrific, and the losses on both sides heavy; it may be that this was the last occasion on which the extremely efficient Japanese naval aviation gave of its best. Yet the new American planes, the skill, dash and tactical originality of the American pilots, and the weight of the attacks spelt the doom of Rabaul. The huge garrison remained, hardly touched, with plenty of ammunition and never short of food until the end of the war. What happened was that the Japanese command owned itself beaten at Rabaul, withdrew the fleet, and flew off every aircraft that would take the air. Rabaul was strategically dead. Yet tactically it was still probably impregnable. The Americans had now changed their minds: they would leave Rabaul to the isolated Japanese army and try a leap-frog instead. That took them into the Admiralties, where in Manus they secured the ideal base. The "Bismarck Barrier" was completely broken.

I have not told all the story even in broad lines. There is the sensational death of Admiral Yamamoto, the Japanese Commander-in-Chief; the American

landing in New Britain in order to secure control of the Dampier and Vitiaz Straits, a possibly unnecessary but not costly operation; the Battle of Empress Augusta Bay, in which the Japanese lost two light cruisers and failed to reverse the effect of the Bougainville landing; and MacArthur's jump to Finschhafen, when the Japanese expected his Australian troops to come marching along the New Guinea coast and

they actually came in from the sea. They were lucky in that the Japanese air forces were engaged simultaneously in the northern Solomons and over Rabaul, so that they had little to spare to cope with the offensive in New Guinea. The lessons of all these operations are numerous, but high among them stands that of the overwhelming aid which sea power—alleged, of course, with the weapon which it can now legitimately claim to be part of itself, that of air power—can exercise in conditions of this kind. So long as the Japanese Navy held the initiative, all went well for the enemy. As soon as it had been defeated, in naval conflict or by having its sea and air bases within striking range rendered untenable, all was changed. The big concentrations of the Japanese Army remained undefeated, perhaps undefeatable; but marooned and with no foe to fight, useless.

Though Captain Morison is not backed by official authority, he is bringing out the nearest thing to an official history which will ever be available to the public. Yet his freedom from control allows him to state his mind and, whatever criticisms he may have to meet, no one will complain that he is mealy-mouthed. The Service of which he is writing comes in for sharp criticisms from time to time. The Marines, who do not make many mistakes in this sort of war, emerge unscathed. The Army is severely criticised on occasion, though generous tribute is paid to it for some of its fine performances. Perhaps the Army Air Force comes off worst. This is not to say that its performances are in any way underrated; but it suffered more than most from the common complaint of exaggerating the loss inflicted on the enemy. In this the Japanese pilots were supreme. There is plenty of excuse for miscalculations, as we in this country know. But when a distinguished Air Force General, writing four years after the war, repeats the contemporary claims, in face of Japanese evidence that they are anything up to 600 per cent. in excess of reality, then Captain Morison lets fly. "Never," says the General, "in the long history of warfare had so much destruction been wrought upon the forces of a belligerent nation so swiftly and at so little cost." "Never, indeed," replies the author of this book, "have such exorbitant claims been made with so little basis in fact."

One interesting point is made on the first page of the volume. The fundamental allied strategy, that



THE BATTLE OF KOLOMBANGARA, JULY 12-13, 1943: A VIEW OF THE U.S. CRUISER *Honolulu*, SHOWING HER DAMAGED BOW WHICH "DIPPED DOWN LIKE A TAPIR'S SNOUT" WHEN HIT BY A TORPEDO IN THE ACTION.

In the Battle of Kolombangara the Japanese lost the light cruiser *Jintsu* and the Americans lost the destroyer *Guin*. The U.S. cruisers *St. Louis* and *Honolulu* and the New Zealand cruiser *Leander* were hit by torpedoes in the action. A second torpedo hit *Honolulu* in her square stern right in the middle of the waterline, dangled in the wake for a few moments, and then fell out without exploding. She was fitted with a new bow at Pearl Harbour in ten days, but with *St. Louis* was sent to Mare Island for main battery re-gunning and was not in action again until November.

Archipelago, and New Guinea, reaching out northward to Truk, in the Central Pacific. This is, in short, the record of the commands of General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey from July 1942 to the spring of 1944.* Only occasional "noises off" indicate that Admiral Nimitz in the Central Pacific was not inactive. His operations are reserved for another volume. And the highest interest is to be found in Halsey's command. The greatest days of MacArthur's were to come.

Stirring as it is, this record is not for the idle reader. Some time ago, the author ruefully confided to me in a letter that most of his critics were handicapped by having no idea what he was at. He put me on my mettle for the future by saying that I had, I must endeavour, therefore, to be clear; but at the same time I can only be general. The plans were, where these two commands are concerned—I cannot go into those of others—to follow up the success in Guadalcanal by breaking the Bismarck barrier, which was to include the capture of the fortress of Rabaul, and to advance from New Guinea to Timor. Rabaul was, in fact, not taken and its capture was not attempted. Strategy was kept elastic and adaptable. Above all, the policy of "island-hopping" was improved by the principle of "leap-frog," which seized the tactical plums and left multitudes of Japanese cut off, but deprived of the means to do serious harm. The Japanese strategy was to establish a new perimeter of defence from Truk to Timor, through the Central Solomons and New Guinea; wear down the Americans upon it, while establishing vast supply and munition dumps, with Rabaul as centre; and prepare for a great counter-offensive outside the perimeter early in 1944. Again I speak only of that with which we are immediately concerned.

The story starts with those operations in New Guinea in which Australian troops played a large part. They were handicapped and prolonged by the initial lack of an amphibious force, and the command had a bigger task to get going because the Allies were, to begin with, on the defensive, whereas at Guadalcanal Halsey had gained a precarious initiative already. The land war is interesting enough, especially to us in view of the fine feats of the Australians; but from the naval point of view it is chiefly important because it brought about the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, a great victory in which all the eight Japanese transports and four of the escorting destroyers were sunk in the Lae convoy for the loss of five American aircraft. Brilliant as it was, it was less prophetic of what was to follow than might have appeared. The Japanese did not in future make the mistake of despatching troop convoys with inadequate air cover and lack of knowledge of the American air potential. It is thus more instructive to turn at once to the



THE BATTLE OF VELLA LAVELLA, OCTOBER 6-7, 1943: A VIEW OF THE BATTERED U.S. DESTROYERS *Selfridge*, HIT BY A TORPEDO, AND *O'Bannon*, WHICH SMASHED INTO THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE CRIPPLED *Chevalier*'S AFTER ENGINE-ROOM.

In the battle of Vella Lavella three U.S. destroyers—*Selfridge*, *Chevalier* and *O'Bannon*—engaged six Japanese destroyers and sank one, *Yugumo*. *Chevalier* was torpedoed, and later sunk by the U.S. destroyer *LaVallette*. *Selfridge* was also torpedoed, but remained afloat and *O'Bannon* ran into the crippled *Chevalier* and crumpled her bows.

Illustrations reproduced from "Breaking the Bismarck Barrier" (History of United States Naval Operations in World War II, Volume VI.), by Courtesy of the Publishers, Oxford University Press.

of beating the European Axis first, was, says Captain Morison, never seriously challenged at the great conferences. "The President believed in it, the Joint Chiefs of Staff—Admiral Leahy, Admiral King, General Marshall, and General Henry H. Arnold—believed in it; most of the lower echelons believed in it. General MacArthur, Chiang Kai-shek, and a number of flag officers in the United States Pacific Fleet felt that it was a mistake." Surely evidence that ability to see only in front of your own eyes may, in strategy, amount to blindness.

* "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II. Vol. VI. Breaking the Bismarck Barrier, 22 July 1942—1 May 1944." By Samuel Eliot Morison. (Oxford University Press; 42s.)

1 AIRCRAFT CARRIER.



2 ROCKET LAUNCHING SHIPS.



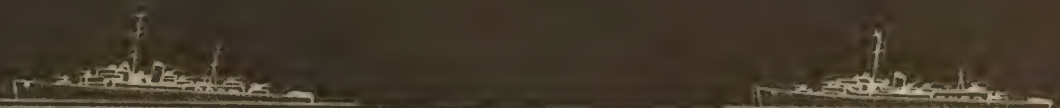
1 HUNTER KILLER CRUISER.



9 DESTROYERS.



2 ESCORTS.



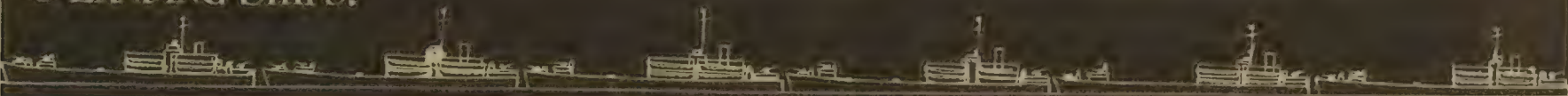
7 SUBMARINES.



52 MINESWEEPERS.



6 LANDING SHIPS.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL PROGRAMME: EIGHTY NEW SHIPS AUTHORISED FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST NAVY.

On January 8 Mr. Vinson, Chairman of the U.S. House Armed Services Committee, introduced legislation to authorise a new 2,000,000,000-dollar programme for the U.S. Navy which called for the building of 80 or more new ships. This figure—80—was stated to include 52 minesweepers, 7 Schnorkel submarines, 6 landing craft, 2 rocket-launching ships, and 1 aircraft-carrier; the remaining twelve, it is assumed, are the twelve whose construction had been suspended. The projected aircraft-carrier was stated to be of 60,000 tons and to be of modified flush-deck construction. The rocket-launching ships are thought to be the battleships *Kentucky* and *Hawaii*, whose construction and conversion were suspended some time ago. *Kentucky* is of the "Iowa" 45,000-ton class, *Hawaii* of the "Alaska" 27,500-ton class. The twelve

previously suspended are assumed to be: 2 escorts, *Vandivier* and *Wagner* (1450 tons); 5 "Gearing"-class destroyers (2425 tons); 4 long-range fleet destroyers, "Mitscher"-class (3675 tons—the largest destroyers in the world); and 1 Hunter-Killer ship of 6000 tons, sister-ship to *Norfolk*, now nearing completion. This last is an anti-destroyer vessel of entirely novel type. In addition, a great programme of modernisation is planned which will affect 6 aircraft-carriers, 14 cruisers and 194 destroyers. The destroyers are to be adapted for anti-submarine warfare, the aircraft-carriers are being converted to handle modern jet fighters, two of the cruisers are to be modified for launching guided missiles and the other twelve are receiving anti-aircraft protection. This expenditure was almost immediately authorised in both Houses.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by C. W. E. Richardson.



MR. A. S. G. BUTLER.

Author of "The Architecture of Sir Edwin Lutyens," three of the Lutyens Memorial Volumes, with the collaboration of Mr. George Stewart—one of Sir Edwin's former assistants—and Mr. Christopher Hussey. Mr. Butler is an architect in private practice. He knew Lutyens well and discussed with him a book on his work.

From a painting by H. Russell-Hall.

THE GREATEST ENGLISH ARCHITECT SINCE WREN.

"THE LUTYENS MEMORIAL VOLUMES"; By Christopher Hussey and A. S. G. Butler.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE reader, before considering any words of mine, would do well to look at the footnote, which "lists" a number of volumes which I cannot properly review, and of which I can do little more than acknowledge the existence. Sir Jasper Ridley, the chairman of the Lutyens Memorial Committee, says in his modest but adequate Preface, that, certain of Lutyens' friends wishing to establish a

Memorial to him, his son proposed "that the Memorial should take two interdependent forms: the publication of a comprehensive record of Sir Edwin's architectural work, containing the relevant biographical material; and with the proceeds, if any, accruing from this publication, the endowment of the Royal Academy School of Architecture, the development of which institution was a project particularly close to Sir Edwin's heart. Thus arose the proposal to form a Memorial Committee with powers to invite from the public contributions for this twofold purpose. . . . As the undertaking began to take shape its conception required modification. Three large quarto volumes were visualised initially, each containing reproductions of original drawings, photographs, technical analysis and appreciation of the designs, with a biographical chapter, thus maintaining the essential unity of Lutyens's life and work. But when, through Lady Emily's unfailing generosity and from other sources, the great quantity of intimate correspondence was made available for publication, it became clear that the limited biographical sections envisaged were too confined, whilst such a biography as was thus rendered possible would make uneasy reading in so large a format. For this and other reasons it was decided to expand the original project to comprise a full-length 'Life' in a separate volume of suitable size. Nevertheless, our intention has remained unchanged to maintain the unity of the 'Life' and



SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, O.M., K.C.I.E., P.R.A.

Born on March 29, 1869, Sir Edwin died on New Year's Day, 1944, aged seventy-four. The life of this great architect and brilliant man, written by Mr. Christopher Hussey, forms one of the four Lutyens Memorial Volumes which are reviewed on this page.

the bowls of which were acorn size; pipes as large as pint pots; yard-measures which shot out and withdrew; he would lean over a person affectionately and slip a penny down inside his (or even, were it an understanding friend, her) collar, and chuckle heartily over the shiver. The insensitive didn't realise that this was all part of the parade of a naturally shy man, who had been a delicate boy and didn't go away to school; but was also natural to a man, with a natural sense of humour and proportion, who could not see pomposity without wishing to rag it. His sense of humour comes out plentifully in Mr. Hussey's book, and especially in fifty years of love-letters, freely illustrated with caricatures, to his wife. But underneath that jocular and evasive surface there was an iron resolution: the power beyond ourselves had given him talents, and he was determined to employ them to the uttermost. His talk was usually small-talk; but his thoughts were large thoughts. He jested in company; but alone, he brooded.

His meditations have left their marks on the English countryside. For many years (he started his life with a country-house connection) he did little except to build, alter and enlarge country houses; and even the works of his precocious youth are varied and beautiful, easy in design and showing a great understanding of the nature and use of materials. His reputation spread rapidly; at an age when most good architects are just beginning to acquire a reputation, he found himself celebrated in published volumes, produced by his enthusiastic supporters Edward Hudson and Sir Lawrence Weaver. Country houses still; always country houses. I remember that when I first knew him people used to say: "It's a pity



MR. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

Author of "The Life of Sir Edwin Lutyens," which forms one of the four Lutyens Memorial Volumes. Born in 1899, he is the Architectural Consultant of *Country Life*, and is well known for his articles in that publication. He has written, among other books, "The Picturesque" (1927), which is a classic contribution to the study of landscape.



SIR EDWIN LUTYENS'S COMPETITION DESIGN FOR LONDON COUNTY HALL (1907). THE BUILDING WAS BUILT FROM SIR RALPH KNOTT'S DESIGN.



ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, NORTHANTS. THE EAST FRONT, 1904-5, EXTENDING THE JACOBEOAN SOUTH-EAST CORNER; AND SUNK GARDEN, 1909-10.

the 'Architecture' by issuing the volumes simultaneously as a single Memorial."

The Committee were right, in the end, to have the "Life" published in a separate volume, of lesser superficial area than the massive blocks of reproductions in which its chapters were originally intended to be illustrated. These volumes, consisting largely of drawings, of plans and elevations, measure, roughly (my foot-rule has recently been burnt in a fire, so I have to approximate by hand-spans), 18 ins. by 12 ins., and are the sort of books which, if daily used, would involve one in a Heath-Robinson complex of lecterns and travelling-cranes. That Lutyens's designs should be adequately represented, books on this scale were necessary; but had his "Life" been scattered in a fragmentary way amongst these ponderous tomes, nobody would ever read the Life of Lutyens, until or unless the fragments were assembled into a separate volume.

That separate volume we now have. It is still ponderous; still a trial to wrist, biceps and triceps; still difficult to read in bed; still extremely unlike the "Architectural Hiker's Vade-Mecum." But it stands, this separate and finely illustrated volume, as the first edition of a superb chronicle of the life and works of (I have my reservations about one living man) the greatest English architect since Wren. It may be that the Committee, in the end, will be able to raise all the money they want out of successive editions of Mr. Hussey's biography. And, since a reduction in size of the 178 illustrations, already quite small enough, is not desirable, it is evident that future editions should be in two volumes. Published in that way, the work must endure, not merely as a signpost to aspiring architects, but as the record of a man and a career at once noble and amusing.

"Ned" Lutyens (he preferred to be called that, as he felt his Christian names, Edwin Landseer, to be rather a burden) was a puzzle to people who expect Great Men to be solemn, veiled, cloaked, remote and humourless. He would produce all kinds of gadgets out of his pockets: pipes,

that Ned isn't given a shot at a big public building." He entered the competition for the London County Council Hall. His design is reproduced here: I must frankly confess that I prefer the accepted design by the late Ralph Knott which, messed about as it was, can now be seen on the south bank of the Thames, where it neighbours the unrestored block of St. Thomas's Hospital, at the doors of which the relatives of the sick are clamouring in vain for beds. At last he was given a great office building to design: Britannic House, in the City; not, I think, a conspicuous success. But elsewhere there came the greatest job of his life: the "New Delhi."

The whole soul of the man went into that vast enterprise: his hand was shown not merely in walls, roofs and towers, but in door-handles. The great poet in him was let loose, without reservations as to expanse or expense. The result was one of the noblest "lay-outs" of buildings and gardens ever conceived or executed by human mind. It was meant to signalise the culmination of British rule in India: it turned out to be its tombstone. Viceroy's House, which one might have thought that Mr. Nehru, remembering Harrow and Cambridge, would have taken over with a few elephants, is now to be a Medical College or some such thing; the Roundhead virus seems to have infected even India.

There are 600 pages in Mr. Hussey's "Life." I have dog's-eared half of them and quoted from none of them: the book is altogether too good, and the man altogether too much alive. From the cradle to the grave we can follow Lutyens, shy and irrepressible, dreamer and jester, supreme artist and ever juvenile comrade; one whose reputation must grow with the years until the familiar "Ned" is buried underneath the august Lutyens. Shakespeare was probably such a man: it may be remembered that Ben Jonson, a great poet but also a classical pedant, told Drummond of Hawthornden

that Shakespeare, at the Mermaid, occasionally became so voluble and flippant that he had to be sat upon: "sufflaminandus erat" was, I think, the phrase. But Shakespeare, like Lutyens, was capable of "cloud-capp'd towers" beyond Jonson's conjecture. And I think that in that next world of which we all hazily dream, those two might find themselves akin, both seriously and jestingly.

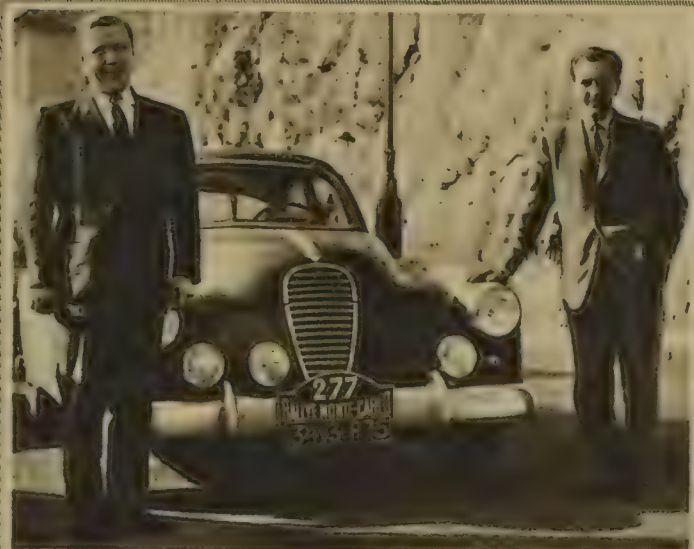
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 225, of this issue.



"WHEN BUILT IT WILL BE THE GREATEST CHURCH IN CHRISTENDOM": THE ROMAN CATHOLIC METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST THE KING, LIVERPOOL. THE MODEL: SCALE 1/48. TOTAL HEIGHT, 510 FT. MATERIALS, SILVER-GREY GRANITE AND PINK-BUFF BRICK.

Illustrations reproduced from the book, "The Life of Sir Edwin Lutyens," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Country Life and Scribners.

* "The Lutyens Memorial Volumes": comprising "The Life of Sir Edwin Lutyens," by Christopher Hussey; and "The Architecture of Sir Edwin Lutyens" (Three Volumes), by A. S. G. Butler; with the collaboration of George Stewart and Christopher Hussey. (Country Life and Scribners; 25 guineas the set of four volumes.)



THE WINNER OF THE MONTE CARLO RALLY FOR THE FOURTH TIME: M. J. TREVOUX (R.) AND M. R. CROVETTO, WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM. M. J. Trevoux set up a new record by winning the Monte Carlo Rally for the fourth time. Driving a De la Haye saloon with a 4½-litre engine, he started from Lisbon, accompanied by M. R. Crovetto. The Rally consists of three tests, the 2000-mile journey to Monte Carlo, an acceleration and braking test, and the "round the houses" circuit of Monaco. On another page we give photographs of British cars which won awards in the Rally.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. ALLAN STEWART.

Died on January 29, aged eighty-five. A Scottish painter of military and historical subjects, he was better known outside his own country as an illustrator. At one time he was on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*. Many of his paintings are in galleries in South Africa, America, and in the Australian War Museum.



THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' EUROPEAN FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG (LEFT) PRACTISING JUMPS AT ST. MORITZ RECENTLY. Miss Jeannette Altwegg, giving the best performance of her career, won the ladies' European Skating Championship for Britain at the Dolder Rink, Zurich, on February 4. Miss Altwegg gained 185.9 points, Miss Jacqueline du Bief, the French star, was second with 183.2 points, and Miss Barbara Wyatt, of Britain, was third with 171.4. Two other members of the British team, Miss V. Osborn and Miss B. Bailey, finished fourth with 166.4 points, and fifth with 164.7 points, respectively.



EARL NELSON.

Died on January 30, aged ninety. He was a great-great-nephew of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, and was the last member of the family to enjoy the £5000 annuity granted after the Battle of Trafalgar. In 1947 he succeeded to the titles and estates on the death of his brother, the fourth Earl Nelson.



QUEEN MARY REOPENS THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER:

HER MAJESTY ON ARRIVAL, WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Her Majesty Queen Mary on January 29 reopened the Assembly Hall of Church House, Westminster (whose foundation-stone she had laid), and unveiled panels recording its restoration after the war damage it suffered, in the presence of the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York and the three Houses of the Church Assembly, which then entered on its spring session. Her Majesty had intended to carry out this ceremony to launch the autumn session, but was prevented from doing so by a cold.



LADY MAXWELL FYFE.

Appointed as one of the two vice-chairmen of the Conservative Party. She is forty-four and is the wife of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who was Attorney-General, 1945, and is M.P. for the West Derby Division of Liverpool. Lady Maxwell Fyfe is the sister of Mr. Rex Harrison, the film actor.



VISCOUNT TRAFALGAR.

Has succeeded his father, who died on January 30, as sixth Earl Nelson. He is sixty and has lived much in Australia and the Far East. He is the first Earl Nelson not to enjoy the £5000 annuity granted to the family in 1806 and now terminated by Parliament, who decided in 1946 that it should be discontinued.



SIR RONALD CROSS.

To be Governor of Tasmania in succession to Admiral Sir Hugh Binning, whose extended term of office expires on June 30. Sir Ronald Cross, who is fifty-four, was United Kingdom High Commissioner in Australia from 1941 to 1945. He is Conservative M.P. for Ormskirk, where his appointment will create a by-election.



AFTER HIS RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONDON: CAPTAIN CHARLES BLAIR, IN HIS CONVERTED MUSTANG FIGHTER.

A new record for a flight between New York and London was set up on January 31 by Captain Charles Blair, a Pan-American Airways pilot. Flying a converted Mustang fighter aircraft, powered by a Packard-built Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, he took 7 hrs. 48 mins. for the journey. The previous record was 8 hrs. 55 mins., held by a Pan-American Stratocruiser. Owing to strong head winds between New York and Gander the crossing actually took 48 mins. longer than he had planned.



THE DEATH OF "JAMES BRIDIE":

DR. O. H. MAJOR.

Better known as James Bridie, Dr. Major died on January 29, aged 63. A dramatist of great gifts, he enriched the theatre with plays that combined humour, fantasy and shrewd characterisation. To Glasgow he was also known as one of its prominent physicians. His many plays included "A Sleeping Clergyman" and "Mr. Bolfray."



THE FITZWILLIAM EARLDOM: MR. W. T. G. FITZWILLIAM AND HIS ELDER

BROTHER, MR. G. J. C. W. ("TOBY") FITZWILLIAM (RIGHT). Mr. George James Charles Wentworth ("Toby") Fitzwilliam is petitioning the Court to declare he was, from his birth on May 17, 1888, the lawful child of his parents, Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam (d. 1935) and Mrs. Daisy Evelyn Fitzwilliam (d. 1925), and that his parents were lawfully married between 1886 and 1888, and that in the event of the ninth Earl Fitzwilliam dying without lawful issue he would be entitled to succeed to the Earldom. His younger brother is present heir-presumptive.

A PERFECT GEORGIAN THEATRE RESTORED: THE STORY OF A RICHMOND, YORKS, VENTURE.



BUILT IN 1788 AND NOW IN PROCESS OF RESTORATION: THE GEORGIAN THEATRE AT RICHMOND, YORKS, SHOWING THE STAGE DOOR (IN CENTRE OF FACING WALL).



AFTER USE AS A GRAIN STORE, ABOUT 1930: THE INTERIOR OF THE GEORGIAN THEATRE, SHOWING THE PIT FLOORED OVER AND LEVEL WITH THE STAGE.



IN USE AS THE CORPORATION'S SALVAGE DEPÔT, 1939-43: A VIEW OF THE THEATRE FROM THE GALLERY LOOKING TOWARDS THE STAGE AND SHOWING THE LEVEL FLOORING.



CLEANED DOWN, PROTECTED AND REPAIRED FOR A TEMPORARY REOPENING IN AUGUST, 1943: THE THEATRE WHICH WAS THEN BELIEVED TO BE A PLAYHOUSE WITHOUT A RAISED STAGE.



AFTER THE DISCOVERY THAT THERE WAS ONCE A SUNKEN PIT: THE FLOORING REMOVED FROM THE AUDITORIUM, REVEALING THE VICTORIAN SLEEPER JOISTS. (DECEMBER, 1948)



SHOWING THE SUNKEN PIT RESTORED TO ITS FORMER CONDITION: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GEORGIAN THEATRE IN JANUARY OF THIS YEAR.

The British Drama League arranged to present a programme at the British Academy on February 8 in order to assist in a nation-wide appeal for money to complete the restoration of the Georgian Theatre in Richmond, Yorkshire. Mr. Eric Portman, the actor, arranged to read excerpts from plays once performed in this historic playhouse; Mr. Richard Southern was to give an account of the history of the theatre; and Mr. David Brooks, the Town Clerk of Richmond

Yorkshire, was to describe the work that has been done and what is needed in the future. The theatre, the most interesting surviving Georgian theatre, was built in 1788. It began its theatrical decline about 1820, and since then has been successively a grain store, wine store, billiards-room, furniture salesroom and, more recently, a wartime salvage depôt. In 1943 the theatre was cleaned and repaired and temporarily reopened.

IN NEED OF FUNDS FOR ITS RESTORATION: THE GEORGIAN THEATRE.

(RIGHT.) RESTORING THE PIT AND THE PIT PASSAGE, WHICH NECESSITATED THE REMOVAL OF THE VICTORIAN BRICK-WORK OF THE WINE-VULTS BELOW THE FLOORING: A VIEW OF THE GEORGIAN THEATRE IN JANUARY, 1950.



ON the facing page we illustrate some of the uses to which the Georgian Theatre at Richmond, Yorkshire, has been put since it began its theatrical decline in 1820. Here we show a sectional model of the theatre as it was in 1788, the year it was built, and one of the most interesting of the discoveries made since its restoration began. In 1943 it was thought that it was a freak theatre in that there appeared to be no raised stage. The discovery of a trap in the boards of the stage (seen on left of our upper photograph) led to an examination of the wine vaults beneath the flooring of the auditorium, when it became obvious that there had been

(Continued below.)



SHOWING THE PIT PASSAGE AND THE SPACE FOR THE MACHINE-ROOM AND DRESSING-ROOMS: A SECTIONAL MODEL OF THE GEORGIAN THEATRE AS IT WAS IN 1788.

(Continued.)

the customary sunken pit. The removal of a section of the wall opposite the pay-box disclosed steps leading down into the former pit passage, and it was possible to obtain a clear picture of the theatre as it was in the eighteenth century. The

restoration is under the direction of Mr. Richard Southern, from whose research collection some of the photographs on these pages come. The restoration scheme is sponsored by the Richmond Corporation, and an appeal for funds has been made.

SOME INTERESTING AND CURIOUS ASPECTS OF THE KOREAN WAR RECORDED BY CAMERA.



A HOME FROM HOME FOR MEMBERS OF A U.S. GROUND CREW OF A JET FIGHTER WING IN KOREA: THE STRIPPED-DOWN FUSELAGE OF A C-47 TURNED INTO COMFORTABLE QUARTERS COMPLETE WITH STOVE.



ANSWERING AN URGENT REQUEST FOR AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES: A GIANT CARGO-CARRIER OF THE FAR EAST FORCES COMBAT FABRIC COMMAND DROPPING ITS LOAD.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT: A SERGEANT OF THE U.S. MARINES COMPARES HIS CARBINE WITH AN 8-FT.-LONG KOREAN GUN.

ON these pages we show some interesting and curious aspects of the war in Korea. For instance, it is only on home stations that the soldier (or airman) is handicapped in using his initiative in making himself comfortable in adverse circumstances. A U.S. ground crew in Korea soon converted a stripped-down fuselage of a C-47 into comfortable quarters and installed a stove to provide warmth in the Korean winter. Transport is illustrated in other photographs both in the air and on the ground. Sleighs have been found useful in getting

[Continued opposite.]



TRAPPED WHEN A KOREAN BRIDGE COLLAPSED: A RUSSIAN-BUILT TANK NEAR SUWON COMES TO A DEAD END IN ITS FIGHTING CAREER.



THE MOST FEARED OF ALL THE WEAPONS USED BY THE FAR EAST AIR FORCES IN KOREA: NAPALM (JELLIED PETROL) BURSTING ON AN ENEMY-OCCUPIED VILLAGE.



THE INTERIOR OF A GIANT C-119 CARGO AIRCRAFT: A VIEW SHOWING BOXES OF RATIONS ABOUT TO BE PARACHUTED TO THE TROOPS BELOW BY THE "ICE-BAK," WHO PUSHES THEM THROUGH THE OPENING IN REAR OF THE FUSELAGE.



"OH, FOR SOME DOG-TEAMS!" U.S. TROOPS TRANSPORTING STORES UP TO THE FRONT LINE BY MEANS OF A SLEIGH OVER THE SNOW-COVERED HILLS OF KOREA.



PROMOTED IN A FRONT-LINE CEREMONY IN THE SUWON AREA: COLONEL KELLEHER HAVING HIS EAGLES PINNED ON HIS SHOULDERS BY GENERAL MACARTHUR.

AIR AND GROUND SUPPLY IN THE KOREAN WAR, AND OTHER ITEMS FROM THE FRONT.



NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION: A KOREAN PEASANT WITH A HOME-MADE DEVICE WHICH ENABLES HIM TO KEEP HIS RICE-THRESHING MACHINE IN USE.



THE REAR VIEW OF A C-119 CARGO AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT IN KOREA—THE REAR DOORS ARE TAKEN OFF TO FACILITATE LOADING AND UNLOADING.

Continued.
distribution and supplies up to the front lines over the frozen hillsides, while overhead roar giant cargo aircraft with rations for advanced units. These are kicked out of the aircraft on the pilot's signal and parachute down to the troops waiting below. A Korean peasant has solved his petrol-shortage problem by building a still which is said to produce an explosive mixture from wood which keeps his rice-threshing motor in use. Some villages are getting plenty of petrol, however, in the shape of napalm (jellied petrol), the most feared aerial weapon in Korea.



DECORATED IN A "FOXHOLE": SERGEANT E. H. WOOD PRESENTED WITH THE SILVER STAR BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. PEPPER.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY; AND NEWS FROM ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, PORTUGAL.



DURING THE BRAKING TESTS OF THE MONTE CARLO CONCOURS DE CONFORT: MR. W. H. WARING'S JAGUAR, RUNNER-UP IN THE OVER-1500 CC. CLASS. The third place in the Monte Carlo Rally was won by Mr. Vard (Eire) in a standard British Jaguar Mark V., first place going to the Frenchman J. Trevoux (De La Haye), second Count Monte-Real of Portugal in a

(Continued opposite.



MR. R. M. CARTER (CENTRE) WITH HIS HUMBER HAWK, ONE OF A GROUP OF THREE FITTED WITH INTER-COMMUNICATION RADIO, WHICH RECEIVED TWO SPECIAL PRIZES. [Continued.] The 1500-cc. class was won by Mr. Ellison in a Jowett Jupiter. In the Concours de Confort, British cars took eleven out of sixteen prizes, the Grand Prix d'Honneur going to Mr. W. M. Couper's Bentley.



AN OFFICE IN THE AIR: ONE OF MANY ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES AT THE FESTIVAL SITE, SUSPENDED ON STEEL RODS AND APPROACHED BY A BRIDGE.

To the person who removed the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey on Saturday morning 30th Jan who brought it over the border on Highway 19th with to ease the following. pronounced to the Scottish people and to all their descendants regarding the removal of the Stone.

In fact of imprisonment of it affirm our resolution to retain this ancient symbol of Scottish nationality in our country unless it be the clearly demonstrated will of the Scottish people that the Stone be handed back to the Church of England.

We therefore suggest that the next meeting of the Scottish National Assembly decide the future resting-place of the Stone and we solemnly bind ourselves to abide by any decision that this Assembly may take, but we are convinced that the Assembly is the only body capable of expressing the will of the people of Scotland. Should it be the decision of that Assembly that the Stone be returned to England we will relinquish it to whatever authority the English Church may appoint or otherwise as the majority may deem fitting. If on the other hand the Assembly decide that the Stone shall remain in Scotland it is our earnest hope that the Assembly shall treat with the London authorities to the purpose that the Stone may find its permanent resting place not in the shrine of a people who value it as one of the spoils of war but in the capital of a nation who would proudly regard it as the symbol of their liberty.

In fulfilment of our duty we have the following information to be released by the Police:-

1. On the night of Saturday 27th December 1950 one of our members was at 10a Westminster Abbey by the watchmen when at four o'clock the Abbey had closed. Our associates were John Allison of Argyll Street Rd.
2. The wall with which this document is affixed to the door of St. Giles Cathedral was removed from the records of Westminster Abbey.



CLAIMING THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE THEFT OF THE CORONATION STONE: THE TYPEWRITTEN NOTICE. HOW THE DOCUMENT (LEFT) WAS FOUND: LYING BESIDE THE DOOR OF ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

On the night of January 30-31 an anonymous caller telephoned newspaper offices in Edinburgh saying that news of the Coronation Stone had been nailed to the door of St. Giles's Cathedral. Reporters found a crumpled sheet of paper beside the door, from which it had evidently fallen. The document claimed to be by the thieves, who declared their readiness to abide by the decision of the Scottish National Assembly as to the Stone's future resting-place. Police began an investigation of the document's authenticity.



A FINE ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT IN PORTUGAL: THE CASTELO-DO-BODE DAM (SHOWN IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION), WHICH WAS INAUGURATED ON JANUARY 21. The Zezere Dam and Castelo-do-Bode generating plant in Portugal was inaugurated on January 21. In our issue of February 3 we stated that it was constructed by British firms, but though the turbines, generating plant and cables are British, the civil engineering work, the construction of the dam and the power station were carried out by a Portuguese firm of contractors. The dam is of the arch type, with a maximum height of 377 ft.



THE VERY LAST MOSQUITO TO BE BUILT: THE FINAL PRODUCTION MODEL OF PERHAPS THE MOST VERSATILE AIRCRAFT EVER DESIGNED. Between Sept., 1941, and early 1944 the De Havilland Mosquito was the fastest aircraft of the war and surely the most versatile, its uses ranging from flying-bomb fighter through photographic reconnaissance to long-range bombing. In all, 7781 of them were built, the majority at Hatfield and Leavesden, but over 1000 in Canada and Australia. The last, seen here with some of the crew that built her, was made at Chester. There have been forty different versions of the aircraft.

AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION IN NEVADA; AND A U.S. DIVISION ON PARADE.



THE BLINDING FLASH OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION PHOTOGRAPHED FROM SEVENTY MILES AWAY IN LAS VEGAS, NEVADA: A UNIQUE NIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

During the end of January and the beginning of February there have been several "minor" atomic explosions on the U.S. Testing Grounds in Nevada, about 70 miles north-west of Las Vegas. These have been the first atomic explosions in the United States since the historic first test at

Alamogordo in 1945. The explosions have been officially acknowledged and it has been speculated that they may be smaller atomic bombs capable of being carried by aircraft smaller than B-29s. As the photograph shows, they illuminate the night landscape at 70-miles distance.



PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME THAT THE ENTIRE PERSONNEL OF A U.S. DIVISION HAS BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED ON PARADE: THE PENNSYLVANIA 28TH DIVISION DURING A REVIEW.

This aerial photograph, taken during a review at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, shows the entire personnel of the 28th Division. At the extreme left is the Divisional band; the next three blocks from the left are three infantry regiments; the next block includes an A.A. artillery battalion and

four field-artillery battalions; while the last two blocks comprise a heavy tank battalion, a reconnaissance company, an engineer combat battalion, a Q-M. company, a medical battalion, an ordnance maintenance company, and military police, signal and replacement companies.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



"IN certain conditions of atmosphere the flowers have the power of emitting electric sparks in the evening" (Ministry of Fuel and Power, please note). How

many gardeners, I wonder, could say what plant it is that has this engaging—and potentially useful—trick? Not many, I imagine. Yet it is one of the most commonly-grown of all garden annuals—the ever-popular nasturtium (*Tropæolum majus*). I gathered this information from Nicholson's "Encyclopædia of Horticulture," so that there is every reason to believe that it is true. Surely something should be done about all this electricity running to waste! A means should be found of harnessing it. During the coming Festival, London should be a blaze of light from window-boxes filled with "Tom Thumb" nasturtiums floodlit under their own power!

It is surprising how many folk are surprised when they are told that the "nasturtium" is a *Tropæolum*. "But I thought a *Tropæolum* was the scarlet thing that grows in Scotland!" they exclaim. True enough. The Scotch Flame Flower is a *Tropæolum*, and so, too, are fifty or so other species, some thirty of which are described in Nicholson, and the nasturtium *Tropæolum majus* is one of them. I would add that Nasturtium is the correct Latin name of watercress—*Nasturtium officinale*. It is easy to guess how *Tropæolum majus* came by the name nasturtium. Its leaves and flowers have the same pungent cress flavour and smell as watercress. As a child I found that young, tender nasturtium leaves—and the flowers, too—made even better sandwiches for nursery tea than mustard-and-cress of my own growing. Less bitty and gritty.

The Flame Flower (*Tropæolum speciosum*) is surely one of the loveliest of all climbers—and one of the most temperamental—when its slender stems, with emerald shamrock leaves and blinding scarlet blossoms, trail high over some dark yew hedge. But it is not in every garden that it will do this. The plant is reputed to do particularly well North of the Tweed. Thus the name Scotch Flame Flower. In my experience *Tropæolum speciosum* is quite indifferent to location in relationship to the Tweed or any other river. Whether it will grow in your garden or not is a matter of soil. But I confess I don't know exactly what soil or soils it likes or dislikes. In the acid lime-free soil in the woodlands at Exbury, in the New Forest, the Flame Flower is almost a nuisance among the rhododendrons. On the other hand, here in the Cotswolds I was given, three years ago, a handful of *Tropæolum* roots which I planted on the north side of my house. The soil was stiff, almost clayey loam and full of broken oolitic limestone. Nothing could have pleased the plant more. It trails up into a climbing rose and a Cape Figwort and flowers gloriously. The roots are long, white, fleshy thongs like macaroni, which run about horizontally a few inches below ground surface.

The only way is to try the plant to find out whether it likes you and your soil or not. Take out a shallow trench, two or three inches deep, fork up the bottom of the trench, lay out the roots in position, fill in with soil, and then give a good mulch of ancient, mellow manure, compost or leaf-mould, to keep all cool and moist during the first summer. Plant on the cool side of a shrub, a hedge, or a wall. The important thing is to give the Flame Flower a trial. The experiment is well worth while, for success is a glorious thing. Don't be put off by the plant's reputation—that many are planted and few come up. Remember rather a *cri de cœur* that someone once

THE TROPÆOLUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

sent to a gardening paper—how could he rid his garden of *Tropæolum speciosum*?—the infernal thug was strangling all his best shrubs.

The *Tropæolums* all come from South America and Mexico, and when plant-collecting in Chile I had the good fortune to find three—no, four, species. In Central Chile I saw and collected the beautiful little

enchantingly dainty, graceful thing.

Tropæolum azureum seemed to be much rarer than *tricolor*. I only found it twice. With much the same habit as *tricolor*, the flowers are short-spurred, and 'about' the size and colour

of Parma violets. *Tropæolum polyphyllum* is an extremely handsome species, and fairly well known in English gardens, though not as well known as it deserves. I found it growing in great quantity fairly high up in the Andes, between 9000 and 11,000 ft. The root is a big, fat, elongated tuber, from which come thick trailing stems two to three feet long. They lay about, thousands of them, on the desolate stone slides, like so many foxes' brushes, clothed with beautiful glaucous grey-green leaves and masses of handsome gold or orange-gold flowers. I sent home quantities of seed of *T. polyphyllum*, and raised some at Stevenage, where they flourished for many years. At one spot, whilst collecting the seeds, I found some of the tubers exposed by a small landslide. They had become dry and baked by sun heat and were rather pleasant to eat, not unlike half-cooked Spanish chestnut.

Tropæolum polyphyllum is hardy, handsome and a good garden plant, though a little difficult to place. One can never know just where its great, fat, prostrate flower-stems will erupt next. A sunny, rocky knoll makes a good home for it. But the best plantation I ever saw was in a 4-ft. bed supported by dry wall about 4 ft. high. Here the flower-stems not only lolled about in great quantity on the bed in which the tubers had been planted, but many sprouted from between the stones of the wall, and trailed magnificently down its face.

Only once did I see the Scotch Flame Flower, *T. speciosum*, in Chile. My companion, Dr. Balfour Gourlay, and I were motoring from Temuco to Lake Villarica, in the South Chilean lake district. It was a long run, largely dirt track through virgin forest. At one spot we got hopelessly bogged in a stream that crossed our track. The hour's delay whilst a team of oxen was found to haul us out should have been vexatious. To me it was a pleasant interlude among the forest flora, during which I met my old friend the Flame Flower, at home, and flowering and flourishing almost as abundantly as it does at Exbury.

The fourth species of *Tropæolum* which I saw in Chile I saw only, but was unable to collect, nor did I discover its name. We were staying at Concepcion, in South Chile, and there met the head engineer of a British firm who were constructing a new road from Concepcion to Bulnes. He very kindly took us in his car right through to Bulnes on the chance of what plants we might find on the way. The way, however, was long, tedious and perilous, an all-day operation, from dawn till dusk, picking our way amid what might have been open-cast miners doing their most devilish. At dusk, just short of our destination, during a ten-minute delay, we got out and examined a roadside stubble field, and it was there that we found the *Tropæolum*, a glorious thing, rather like *T. polyphyllum*, but slighter in build, daintier, more refined, and with splendid orange-gold flowers. That is my recollection of it after a lapse of many years. Dazed and dizzy after our day's travel, we dug feverishly for tubers, but they lay deep in the ground. The soil was hard and time was short. We failed to find a single root. One tuber

I found, stranded on the surface, thrown out, doubtless, by a plough earlier in the year. This I nursed home and grew. But it was not our treasure, but the dainty *T. tricolor*. I have regretted our failure to secure that *Tropæolum*, as I have, as a fisherman, regretted so often "the trout that got away."



"SURELY ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL CLIMBERS... WHEN ITS SLENDER STEMS, WITH EMERALD SHAMROCK LEAVES AND BLINDING SCARLET BLOSSOMS, TRAIL HIGH OVER SOME DARK YEW HEDGE" OR—AS IN THIS CASE—OVER A CLIPPED FIR: THE SCOTCH FLAME FLOWER (*Tropæolum speciosum*), THE LUSCIOUS BRILLIANCE OF WHOSE COLOURING SEEMS INCREDIBLE EVEN BEFORE ONE'S EYES.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



THE THICK TRAILING STEMS "LIE ABOUT, THOUSANDS OF THEM, ON THE DESOLATE STONE SLIDES, LIKE SO MANY FOXES' BRUSHES, CLOTHED WITH BEAUTIFUL GLAUCOUS GREY-GREEN LEAVES AND MASSES OF HANDSOME GOLD OR ORANGE-GOLD FLOWERS": *Tropæolum polyphyllum*, A GOOD AND HANDSOME GARDEN PLANT, WHICH IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO SITE.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

Tropæolum tricolor. From a tuberous root it trails its tall, slender stems over low bushes. The leaves are fresh green and the spurred blossoms, like elfin caps, are scarlet, with dark maroon and a touch of green. The plant is not reliably hardy in this country, but may be run up strings in the cool greenhouse. An

RECENT DISASTERS AT SEA AND ON THE LAND: WRECKED SHIPS, A BRIDGE, AND A GANGWAY.



(ABOVE.) FOUNDERING OFF CAPE FINISTERRE, SPAIN, WITH HER BACK BROKEN: THE PANAMANIAN TANKER *Janko*, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE NORWEGIAN LINER *Venus*.

The *Janko*, a Panamanian tanker of 9720 tons, broke in two in heavy seas off the coast of Spain on January 28, while en route from Persia to Gothenburg. The Norwegian liner *Venus*, 6272 tons, was among the ships that went to her rescue. *Venus* arrived at Southampton on Jan. 30 with the *Janko's* captain, chief officer, wireless operator and three other members of the rescued crew on board.



COMING ALONGSIDE THE LINER *VENUS* THAT WENT TO THE RESCUE: SURVIVORS OF THE WRECKED PANAMANIAN TANKER *JANKO*, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE *VENUS*.



(RIGHT.) WITH HER HULL SPLIT FROM DECK TO WATERLINE: THE LIBERIAN OIL TANKER *Atlantic Duchess* IN DOCK AT SWANSEA, SOUTH WALES.

Seven of the crew of the Liberian oil tanker *Atlantic Duchess*, 8679 tons, were killed and six injured by a series of explosions as the ship lay in dock at Swansea, South Wales, on February 2. The explosions, which occurred near the tanks below the bridge, broke the ship's back, and fire broke out. The ship had berthed on January 31 on her maiden voyage from Abadan, on the Persian Gulf. The ignition of oil gas in the tanks is believed to have been the cause of the explosions.



THE COLLAPSE OF A QUEBEC ROAD BRIDGE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DUPLESSIS BRIDGE, SHOWING THE SPANS WHICH FELL INTO THE RIVER BELOW, CAUSING THE DEATH OF FOUR PEOPLE.

Four concrete and steel spans of the Duplessis Bridge, which carries the main Montreal-Quebec road over the St. Maurice River, collapsed and fell on January 31. Four people lost their lives when their cars were hurled into the river. Mr. Duplessis, Premier of Quebec, after whom the bridge was named, alleged that the cause of the accident was sabotage, but at the time of writing, the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the collapse was due to concrete and steel structural weaknesses, aggravated by below-zero temperatures.

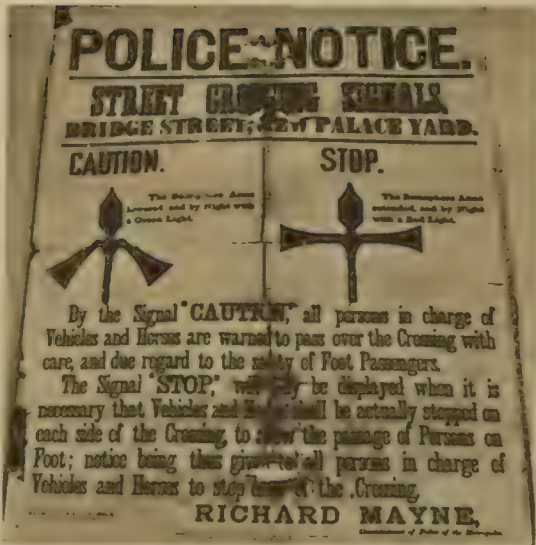


A GANGWAY COLLAPSE IN WHICH SEVENTEEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE 'BROKEN GANGWAY' AT BELFAST DOCK.

Seventeen shipyard workers were killed and forty-eight others injured when a gangway from the new whale factory-ship *Juan Peron* to the dockside collapsed in Belfast Dock as the men were going ashore at the end of the day's work on January 31. The gangway, rigged parallel to the ship's side, was crowded at the time of the accident.

THE SWIFT TIDE OF HISTORY: EVENTS IN EUROPE AND INDIA.

(RIGHT.) THE REGULATIONS FOR THE FIRST "STOP AND GO" CROSSING CONTROL IN LONDON, DATED DECEMBER 10, 1868, WITH SEMAPHORE ARMS FOR USE BY DAY AND GREEN AND RED LIGHTS BY NIGHT: AN EXHIBIT IN THE NEWLY-OPENED BOW STREET POLICE STATION MUSEUM.



ACQUIRED BY THE IRISH NATIONAL MUSEUM: A LEATHER BELT BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WORN BY AN IRISH SAINT AND ENCLOSED IN AN ORNAMENTED EIGHTH-CENTURY CASE. KNOWN AS THE MOYLOUGH BELT SHRINE, IT WAS DISCOVERED IN A BOG IN MOYLOUGH, COUNTY SLIGO.



"REPUBLIC DAY" IN INDIA: A SECTION OF THE GREAT PROCESSION WHICH FORMED PART OF THE CELEBRATIONS IN DELHI ON JANUARY 26 IN HONOUR OF THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY, WHICH WAS COMMEMORATED BY PARADES AND PROCESSIONS IN ALL THE CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA.



THE HEAD OF THE KRUPP FAMILY RELEASED: ALFRED KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH, HIS BROTHER BERTHOLD (R.), AND THE U.S. LAWYER, MR. EARL CARROLL (L.). Twenty-nine Germans condemned to varying sentences in prison for war crimes were released from Landsberg on February 3 by order of the American High Commissioner, Mr. McCloy; and on the previous evening four prisoners in bad health were released. The present head of the Krupp family, sentenced



A HEROINE OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR: MRS. ODETTE CHURCHILL, THE ONLY WOMAN TO HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE GEORGE CROSS, AND HER HUSBAND, CAPTAIN PETER CHURCHILL, D.S.O., LOOKING AT THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE WHICH SHE HAD JUST UNVEILED AT THE NEW H.Q. OF THE LEYTON BRANCH OF THE R.A.F. ASSOCIATION ON FEBRUARY 3.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW NATIONAL STADIUM FOR INDIA IN DELHI: THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE REPUBLIC OF INDIA, PANDIT NEHRU, CUTTING THE CEREMONIAL TAPE. The celebrations in honour of "Republic Day" in India were widespread. There were military parades and processions, and in Delhi, the President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, took the salute at a military parade, and presented medals for gallantry in the Kashmir fighting. The newspapers published accounts of the achievements of India during the past twelve months, and also dwelt on the difficulties she has yet to resolve. The first National Stadium at Delhi was opened on January 25 by the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru.



GREETED BY HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER ON HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON: THE FORMER MAJOR-GENERAL WILHELM SPEIDEL, CONDEMNED FOR HIS PART IN EXTERMINATION OF JEWS, to twelve years at Nuremberg in 1948 for employing slave labour in his works, received many welcoming telegrams. The former Major-General W. Speidel, who was serving twenty years for his part in shooting hostages and executing Jews and gypsies, was met by his wife and daughter.



AN EXPERIMENT WHICH COULD CONVERT EVERY MERCHANT SHIP INTO AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A *DRAGONFLY* (WESTLAND-SIKORSKY) HELICOPTER LANDING ON A SMALL NET-COVERED PLATFORM ERECTED AT THE STERN OF THE FLEET SUPPLY SHIP H.M.S. *FORT DUQUESNE*, DURING TESTS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



THE HELICOPTER COMPLETES ITS SUCCESSFUL LANDING ON *FORT DUQUESNE'S* STERN PLATFORM DURING AN EXPERIMENT OF GREAT PROMISE.



HELICOPTER HANDLING FROM AN UNUSUAL ANGLE: THE FEET OF THE HANDLING PARTY SEEN FROM UNDERNEATH THE PLATFORM ON WHICH THE AIRCRAFT LANDED.

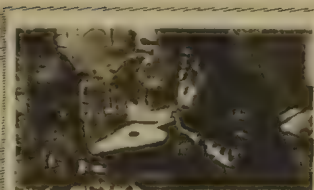
AN EXPERIMENT WHICH COULD CONVERT A MERCHANTMAN INTO AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AND GIVE A CONVOY NEW "EYES."

These photographs were taken on February 1 during experiments conducted by the Royal Navy into the practicability of operating helicopters from merchant ships. For these tests a light platform was built over the stern of the 9788-ton Fleet supply ship H.M.S. *Fort Duquesne*, covered with a netting mat, as shown, and with a foot-rope gallery round the open sides of the platform, for the convenience of the handling crew during the actual landing operation. The aircraft used was a Westland-Sikorsky S-51, which in Service,

use is called a *Dragonfly*. After fine-weather trials of the technique, tests were continued in rough weather, as it is, of course, a technique of immense potentialities. In this manner the helicopter could be used on a large scale on anti-submarine work, air-sea rescue and intercommunication between ships, especially secret communication between ships moving in convoy. During the tests H.M.S. *Fort Duquesne* was accompanied by the destroyer H.M.S. *Savage*, which can be seen in the background of the upper picture.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANIMALS IN DECLINE:—4: BEAVERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is almost unfair to add to the already enormous volume of literature on beavers, even by this small amount. It is, also, not entirely true to regard the beaver as an animal in decline. Yet, both in Europe and in North America, it does not now exist in anything like its former numbers, and this is particularly true of the European beaver. It is, however, precisely because of the contrast presented with our previous examples that the history of the beaver is worth re-examining.

The European and Canadian beavers (*Castor fiber* and *C. canadensis*) are the sole remaining species of the rodent family Castoridae. Although still receiving separate specific names, the differences between them are very slight, and zoologists to-day are inclined to regard them as forms of a single species. The European beaver must at one time have been very abundant throughout Europe, even in England, where its bones may still be found, and where place names such as Beverley and Beaverbourne indicate how comparatively recently it has become extinct here. On the Continent of Europe it is still present in small numbers in Scandinavia, along rivers in European Russia, in the Elbe and Rhône valleys, and, where given protection, shows signs of increasing markedly in numbers.

The Canadian beaver formerly enjoyed a wide range across the North American continent, from Northern Canada southwards to beyond the U.S.-Mexico border. There, as in Europe, it was a valuable source of both meat and fur. With the arrival of the early settlers, trade was soon established with the Indians, who wisely killed only mature animals, so that their hunting could have done little to impair the numbers of beaver. The brisk fur trade with England that sprang up roused the old spirit of avarice, and before long white trappers joined their efforts with those of the Indians—and killed indiscriminately.

In about 150 years the beaver had been exterminated in the coastal regions of the Eastern States, and seriously reduced elsewhere in them. The story is, however, patchy, for in some spots their numbers remained relatively unimpaired. Also, beavers in deep rivers were less easy to catch than those in, say, mountain streams. As the North American continent was more and more opened up, so the trade continued unabated, with similar results to those seen in the Eastern States, but on a wider scale. Everywhere there was the same story to tell, extermination in some places, reduced numbers in others, and relatively unaffected populations in others. The overall reduction in numbers was, however, considerable.

Beaver killings were not all the result of avarice. At times the animal became a nuisance, either through its inroads on timber, in settled areas, or when it took a liking to the stalks of corn. In places, too, it became a menace to river banks. Nevertheless, it was early recognised that only

harm could result from its total elimination. It is pleasing to read that, as early as 1866, it became protected by law in the State of Maine, with the result that by the early years of the present century it had increased so much in numbers that some control had to be imposed to protect plantations.

Since that time, both in the U.S.A. and in Canada, with increasing tempo up to the present day, there have been many efforts made at conservation, either by individual land-owners, by public bodies, or by Government action, State or Federal. In some cases the reason behind it has been no more than a desire to preserve an interesting animal. In others it is due to a realisation that the work of beavers contributes to the conservation of water in the land and to the preservation of trout streams. It has also been found that it is possible, by the intelligent use of closed seasons, limiting the numbers of pelts taken and having them taken only under licence, not only to bring about increased beaver

populations locally, but to derive revenue from the surplus. Consequently, there has been considerable transplanting of the animals from areas where they exist in fair numbers to re-stock areas where they had been exterminated.

The conservation of water may be summed up in the following quotation: "On almost all the mountain streams they [the beaver] should be protected and encouraged. A series of beaver ponds and dams along the headwaters of a mountain stream would hold back large quantities of mountain water during the dangerous flood season and equalise the flow of the streams so that during the driest seasons the water supply would be greatly increased in the valleys. Beaver-ponds not only hold water but distribute it through the surrounding soil for long distances, acting as enormous sponges as well as reservoirs. A series of ponds also increases the fishing capacity and furnishes a safe retreat for the smaller trout and protection from their enemies." It is also of interest to note that the Santa Fé Water Company, in 1910, offered 50 dollars a pair "for live beavers to be placed in the upper part of the Santa Fé Canyon to aid in conserving the city's water supply."

Perhaps a few live beaver "repatriated" in Britain might be a practical alternative—or corollary—to the importation of reindeer. Certainly any natural form of control of flood and avoidance of drought would help somewhat our food situation.

The relation of beaver and trout has also received considerable attention. As so often happens, there are two schools of thought, but from the best investigations it seems that in a minority of cases the work of beavers is detrimental to trout. This may happen when they cause a river to flood land overgrown with conifers, so that the humic acid content of the water is harmful to the fish. But, on balance, it is clear that the construction of beaver dams is mainly beneficial to the trout.

Some idea of the conservation with exploitation can be gained from this single instance. In New York State, where the beaver had not only been protected but new breeding stock introduced, the animal had multiplied, so that when trapping could be permitted, in 1924, 2478 pelts were taken, and 3573 in the following year, without impairing the stocks.

So far this narrative has developed along the lines of an essay on conservation, but this has been solely to emphasise my one point. It does not necessarily follow that intensive persecution, even almost to vanishing point, of necessity spells extermination. Much depends on the species. In the case of the beaver, there can be little doubt that a helpful feature of its behaviour is the habit of sending the young ones away to forage for themselves and open up new areas as soon as they have reached an age of independence. In this way, overcrowding of a given territory is avoided.

That beaver have declined throughout their range within historic times there is no gainsaying. It is certain, also, that,

given the slightest opportunity, they are capable of multiplying and spreading. This suggests a resiliency, or a vitality, within the species which is in marked contrast to what we have seen in the musk-oxen, walrus and, particularly, Steller's sea-cow,



USING ITS CHISEL-LIKE INCISORS WHICH ARE IDEAL TOOLS FOR WOOD-CUTTING, BEING SELF-SHARPENING: A BEAVER WITH A TREE IT HAS FELLED; ILLUSTRATING THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK THE ANIMAL CAN DO.

It will be noticed that the paddle-like tail, used as a rudder when swimming, and for many other purposes, is scaly and the hind-feet are strongly webbed. The fore-legs play no part in swimming, being relaxed and held against the body.

Photograph by Polar Photos.



AN ENGINEERING WORK OF A HIGH ORDER: A BEAVER'S LODGE—COMPOSED MAINLY OF TREE BRANCHES AND VEGETABLE DÉBRIS AND BEARING TESTIMONY BY ITS MERE SIZE TO THE INDUSTRY OF THE ANIMAL. The building of lodges and dams has long been rightly regarded as engineering work of a high order.

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A 17TH-CENTURY COAL MINE REVEALED BY 20TH-CENTURY OPENCAST WORKING AT HEMPDYKE, WEST YORKS.

(LEFT.) WHERE MODERN
OPENCAST WORKING HAS
REVEALED A SEVENTEENTH-
CENTURY COAL MINE: AT
HEMPDYKE, SOUTH HIEND-
LEY, YORKS, WHERE DR.
OWEN, OF LEEDS CITY
MUSEUM, CAN BE SEEN AT
THE ENTRANCE OF AN OLD
CHAMBER.

(RIGHT.) COAL MINING,
ANCIENT AND MODERN: AN
EXCAVATOR, ABOVE, RE-
MOVES THE OVERBURDEN
ON TOP OF A COAL SEAM
WORKED FROM THE SEVEN-
TEENTH CENTURY, NEAR
SOUTH HIENDLEY.



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY COAL-MINING TOOLS FOUND IN THE OLD HEMPDYKE WORKINGS: A WOODEN MINING SHOVEL AND THE RUNNER OF A SLED.



A MINER'S BOOT DISCOVERED IN THE HEMPDYKE WORKINGS: MICROSCOPIC ANALYSIS ESTABLISHED THAT IT WAS TANNED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



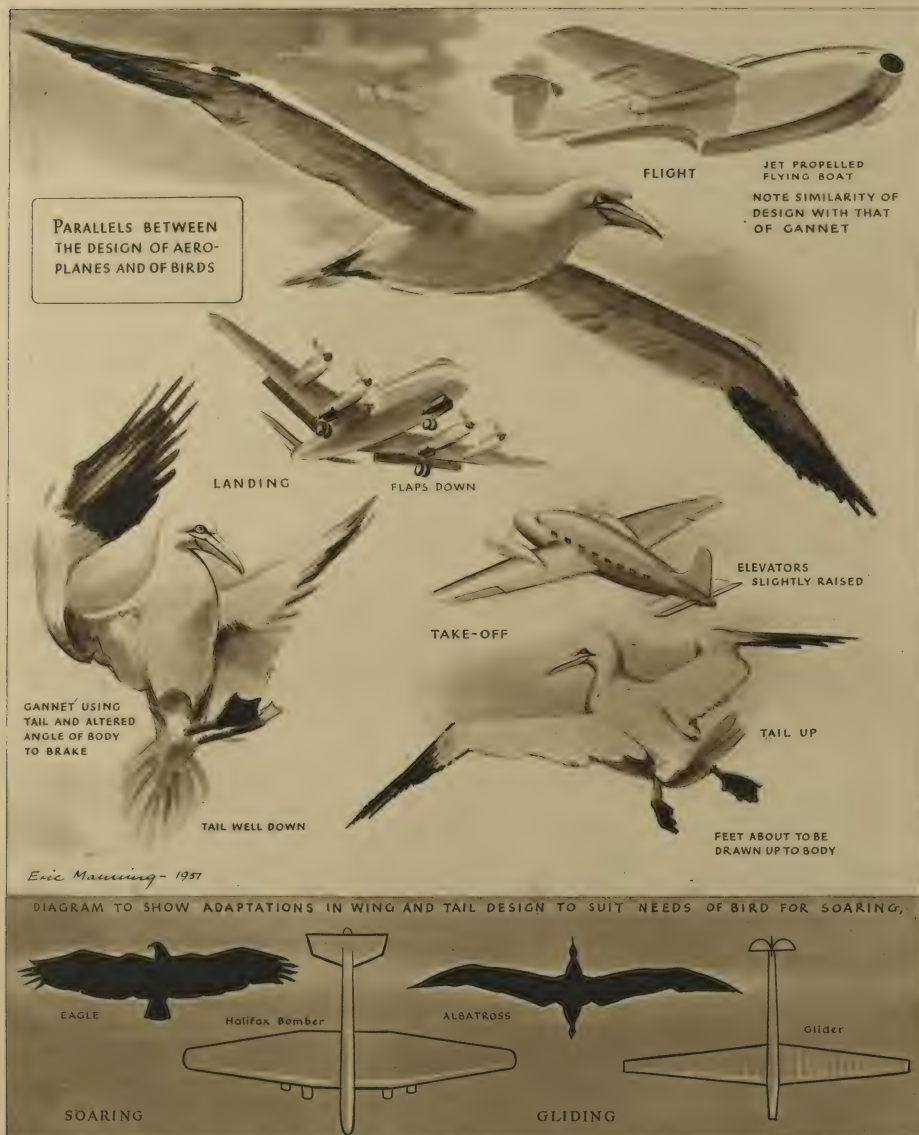
INSIDE A CHAMBER IN THE OLD WORKINGS: DR. OWEN (RIGHT) AND THE SITE ENGINEER, MR. MACKENZIE, EXAMINE THE WALLS AND CORBELLED ROOF.



IN THE CHAMBER WHERE THE OLD MINING RELICS WERE FOUND: BESIDE THE ENGINEER'S LEFT HAND CAN BE SEEN A COAL PILLAR WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO SUPPORT THE ROOF.

At Hemphyke, near South Hiendley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, recent preparatory work for opencast coal mining revealed numbers of previous workings. The mine in this area was last known to have been worked in 1850, and it was at first assumed that the workings discovered were those of the nineteenth century. In one chamber, however, there were discovered several wooden picks, a sled runner, a shovel and a leather boot. Dr. Owen, Director of Leeds City Museum, immediately went to the site to examine the relics, with a view to dating them, if possible. He first examined the corbelled roof of the chamber in which the tools and boot were discovered and found that

it showed the type of roof-propping in use up to the eighteenth century. The manner in which the boot buttoned up the side indicated that it had been made in the seventeenth-century style. To check this last estimate, the boot was sent to the Leather Trade Research Association in Surrey, where minute shavings of the leather were subjected to chemical and microscopic analysis. These tests proved that the leather was tanned by the bark-tanning process, in use about 300 years ago. The combination of evidence, therefore, goes to show that the boot, shovel and picks are relics of miners who worked this mine between 1650 and 1750.



Eric Manning—1951

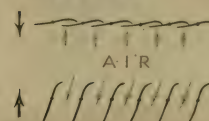
BIRDS AS FLYING-MACHINES, AND THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF AVIAN AERODYNAMICS: SOME POINTS

It is dangerous to attempt facile comparisons between the flight of a bird and that of an aircraft. To begin with, a bird flies by flapping its wings, a feat no heavier-than-air machine has so far accomplished successfully. Nevertheless, it is to be expected that there should be some points of similarity. To sustain a bird in flight an upward force must be applied equal to its own weight. This force, or "lift," is obtained either by active flapping of the wings or by gliding in upward-moving air currents. A bird's wing, arched above and hollowed underneath, as it moves through the air automatically creates suction above and

pressure underneath, thus producing "lift." This increases with the angle presented by the wing to the air-stream, up to a certain limit, beyond which "lift" ceases to be effective and there is danger of stalling, or slipping backwards. As the wing approaches stalling point, a small tuft of feathers, the alula, is thrust out in front to guide the air flow close over the upper surface. So the slant of the wing can be increased beyond the point at which stalling would otherwise take place. On the other hand, a deliberate stalling, by bringing the plane of the wings almost vertical, is used as a brake in landing. In active

BASED ON AN EXHIBIT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY) AND

ON DOWN BEAT OF WING, FEATHERS ARE FORCED TOGETHER—ON UP STROKE THE FEATHERS OPEN TO ALLOW THE PASSAGE OF AIR



HAND FEATHERS USED FOR PROPULSION AND STEERING

DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW ALULA PREVENTS STALLING



BIRD'S WING WITH COVERTS REMOVED TO SHOW RIB-LIKE STRUCTURE OF QUILLS



WING OF AEROPLANE TO SHOW COMPARISON WITH BIRD'S WING

HOLLOW BONE
HOLLOW QUILL
REDUCTION IN WEIGHT WITHOUT LOSS OF STRENGTH

GLIDING, SPEED, RAPID TAKE-OFF AND HOVERING COMPARED WITH SIMILAR CHARACTERISTICS IN AIRCRAFT (NOT TO SCALE)



OF THEIR SIMILARITY TO MODERN AIRCRAFT IN SHAPE, WING-STRUCTURE AND TECHNIQUE EXPLAINED.

flight the movement of the outer section of the wing propels the bird forwards, while the inner part maintains the necessary lift. As the wing beats down and forwards its leading edge is curved downwards. Thus, the forward slant of the wing drives the air backwards. At the bottom of the stroke this slant is reversed so that as the wing is lifted the outer part still drives air backwards and the bird moves forward throughout both downward and upward strokes. The arrangement of the soft covert feathers on the upper wing surface produces a tapered curve over which air flows with the minimum resistance. The degrees

of curvature and the size and shape of the wings are adapted to different kinds of flight. A large wing area with a relatively light body is essential for soaring flight. Turns are controlled mainly by the wings, helped by the tail and feet. The tail is important in rapid turns, and birds with little tail, such as ducks, usually have very direct flight. Strongly arched wings give the greatest lift and are found in woodland birds, such as pheasants, which must take off and climb steeply in order to avoid the undergrowth. In addition to its use in steering and diving the tail gives stability and balance in aerial manoeuvre.

DRAWN BY E. MANNING WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MATRICE HURTON.

The World of the Cinema.

A MATTER OF IDIOM.

By ALAN DENT.

AT a large theatrical cocktail party the other day a distinguished European conductor told me that he should never be able to lose his non-English accent, but that he was, on the other hand, rather proud of the way he was gradually acquiring a large stock of our peculiarly difficult and fantastic English idioms. "For an example," he said, "I can now describe myself at a party of this nature—which I do not particularly enjoy—as a man who feels like a square pig in a round hole. Is not that right?" The conception of a square pig in any sort of hole seems to me so enchanting, so Edward-Learish, that I assured

him that it was "as right as rain" and left him for the next group, quite obviously memorising a strange new phrase.



"SET IN DELIGHTFULLY RECOGNISABLE PARTS OF HASTINGS, RYE AND DUNGENESS": "THE DARK MAN"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM, WHICH IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JEFFREY DELL, SHOWING THE DARK MAN (MAXWELL REED) FIRING AND HITTING ONE OF A GANG OF PLATELAYERS.

There are, of course, perplexing idioms of behaviour as well as of language. I myself fit as uneasily as a square pig into a round hole when I gaze upon such a film as "The Breaking Point." This, I am told, is a marked improvement on an earlier film called "To Have and Have Not," which I missed—a film based on the same Ernest Hemingway short story. The fact that the scene of the story's action has been shifted from Florida to Mexico hardly seems to me to matter. The film has been considerably praised as being a melodrama with human beings for characters instead of ciphers. But how human are they?

This is an outline of the tale. The hero (John Garfield) is a goodish but temptable sort of chap who owns a motor-craft called the *Sea Queen*, and trades in a more or less honest way between Mexico and U.S.A. He styles himself Captain; a loyal and stalwart Negro (Juano Hernandez) is his Mate; and he has a crew of none at all. The Captain has a nice, plain wife at home (Phyllis Thaxter), and two pawky little girls. He loves them and is faithful in his fashion. Faithful even when a siren (Patricia Neal) uses his craft for a deep-sea fishing expedition—a siren whom the Captain's wife meets accidentally at a moment when her husband is trying to fortify his integrity by drowning it in a whole bottle of rye whisky. There is a touching and really quite human episode in which the plain wife has her hair transformed to the same tint as that of the siren, and the result horrifies her two little girls and temporarily turns the Captain from devotion to dismay.

In the end the Captain resists adultery (so far as we can see), but is much less successful in resisting dangerous trading. He is tempted to smuggle some Chinese riff-raff from Mexico to U.S.A., and then changes his mind and puts them ashore, still in Mexico—not from any moral compunction, or even fear of being found out, but solely because the Chinese gentleman arranging the transaction has not brought the full promised payment. There is a fight; and the Chinese gentleman loses and is thrown overboard.

The Captain's other dubious exploit is to assist a gang of four American desperadoes to make a get-away with the entire proceeds of a hold-up at a

enquiry which must have been made into the Captain's motives for his actions, but we are not spared an intense hospital scene between tearful wife and heaving husband as to whether or not he will consent to amputation. He consents at last, and the film concludes with the moral expressed by the Captain himself: "A man alone ain't got no chance!"

The idiom, I repeat, is strange to me. Transmogrify the Captain into an English lorry-driver operating between, say, Hull and Swindon. If this lorry-driver consented to take some black-market goods in his lorry,



"JUSTLY PRAISED FOR ITS SALTY, SUNLIT, SEA-TOSSED ATMOSPHERE": "THE BREAKING POINT" (WARNER BROS.), A FILM WHICH, AS OUR CRITIC EXPLAINS, HE DECLINES TO DESCRIBE AS HAVING "A HEALTHFUL ATMOSPHERE." THIS SCENE SHOWS HARRY MORGAN (JOHN GARFIELD) AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE, LUCY MORGAN (PHYLLIS THAXTER), AND HIS TWO LITTLE GIRLS, AMELIA (SHERRY JACKSON) AND CONNIE (DONNA JO BOYCE).

quarrelled with the person who gave him the goods because he had not brought the "needful" as well, and in his disappointed rage threw him into the Humber, we should hardly be inclined to dismiss the offence as anything less than murder. And the adventure with the hold-up rogues translated to our own way of thinking and living and lorry-driving becomes at least twice as shady. But

then, just as we say *autres temps autres mœurs*, I suppose we must say other places, other moral values!

The direction by Michael Curtiz has justly been praised for its salty, sunlit, sea-tossed atmosphere. But I decline for reasons already specified to call it a healthful atmosphere. Mr. Garfield and Miss Neal breathe it as though they found it beautifully bracing. But I could not readily believe in the implied failure of Miss Neal's Circe to lure Mr. Garfield's Odysseus to even a temporary doom. Miss Thaxter's Penelope was perhaps the best performance of all.

Another crime-film, "The Dark Man," is a com-



"WANTED FOR MURDER, FOR DOUBLE MURDER": "THE DARK MAN" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THIS BRITISH FILM IN WHICH THE DARK MAN (MAXWELL REED) IS TAKING REFUGE FROM THE POLICE IN A FISHERMAN'S HUT. DESPERATE, HE FORCES THE CHILDREN TO STAND AT THE WINDOW AS A PROTECTION.

mendable effort on the part of Mr. Jeffrey Dell to write and direct a film which should have a minimum of studio-atmosphere. His story is set in delightfully recognisable parts of Hastings, Rye and Dungeness. Cars zoom along familiar straight roads. Taverns one knows by sight or hearsay open their doors. The sea booms cheerily in the near distance. Clouds fit for Constable pile up over the pleasant country. The woods twinkle, the hedges beam, and there is a tinkle of spoons in cups at a teashop as we pass it in a car.

But all this is too pleasing to last. That tall, dark man who is constantly coming between us and the sunlight is wanted for murder, for double murder. A little repertory actress—promisingly played by Natasha Parry—happened to be passing a wood on her bicycle just after he had committed his second. And since she has glimpsed him, he won't really be happy till he has made his murder triple.

There are weaknesses in the story. We cannot see why the murderer (Maxwell Reed) should make himself so conspicuous with his suspicious clothes and his sardonic black gloves. Or why the law's representative (Edward Underdown) should take so long to run down the culprit. Or why the running-down should yet again—as in so many crime-films since Mr. Alfred Hitchcock first set the fashion—take the form of an end-

less, breathless chase. But over and over again in this film the English countryside asserts its healthy sanity and makes the murders—which are called murders straight out, with no moral bones about them!—merely incidental things to be rounded up, punished and forgotten—almost before the next sunrise or at least the next opening-time.



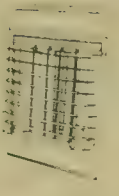
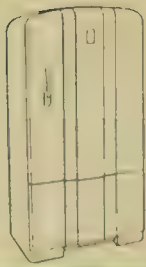
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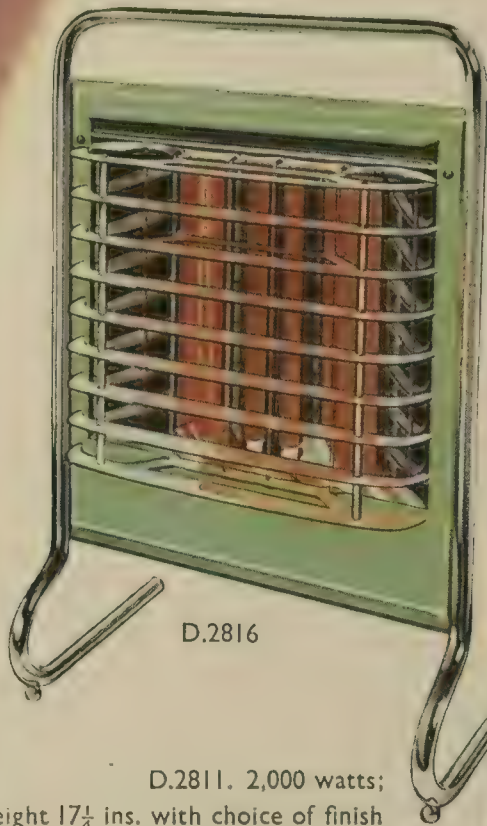
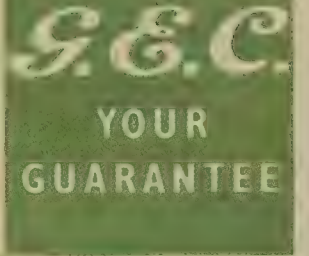
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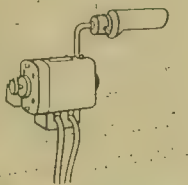


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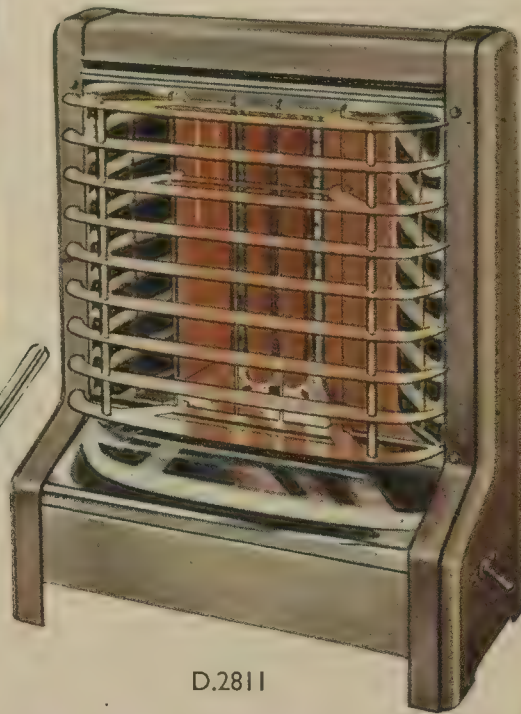


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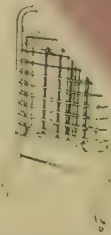
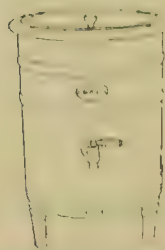
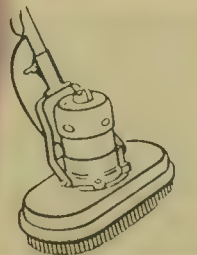
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is a good thing on occasion to be crossed in one's principles, and more especially in one's dislikes; it keeps them from becoming fossilised. One may regard the flashback, for example, as a malady which should be stamped out; one may be all for stories that begin at the beginning and go straight ahead. That is my own view; if it were universally applied, I do believe the cost would be slight. But why make any rules, or any sacrifice? Novels are created singly, and the way to deal with them is one at a time. Sometimes, without the flashback, they could hardly exist at all; and sometimes that would be regrettable.

"The Loved and Envied," by Enid Bagnold (Heinemann; 6s. 6d.), is the case in point. It is a labyrinth of flashbacks. It has no drive, no pressure of events; its cosmopolitan and charming characters are all above the mêlée. Such is their wealth and privilege, they even get round the war: not living through, but like the narrative, avoiding it; and then flowing back into the old channels. We see them first in Paris, at a first night. Lady Maclean, the "loved and envied," is fifty-three; but there she is, still with her lovely face, her irresistible attraction, her enormous diamond. "I thought," old Rose, the intimate outsider, grumbles to her old Vicomte, "I thought you insist they're now poor." "As poor," says Edouard de Bas-Pouilly, "as we all are. . . . She hasn't thought of it."

But what they can't elude—that privileged and happy clique—is old age. All are absorbed in their condition, and in what to feel when everything is too late; and only one—the beauty, the enchantress—is without a pang. Ruby adores all life; she has rushed through it at the gayest speed, she has had love enough, she is "on fire to get old." Yet this magnanimous and vital being, with her "divine good sense," has proved a gorgon to her own daughter. The radiance of her triumphal gift was too hard to bear; the stout and dour little Miranda couldn't take it, and she still can't.

This conflict, beautifully rendered, is the streak of action. But it is incidental to the real theme, which is simply age. Most of the characters are not approaching it, they have arrived, and so the flashbacks are indispensable. They don't combine into a story; there is no story. Rather, the novel is a piece of tapestry, depicting one state of life, in many forms, and intricately varied as the figures weave in and out. Of course, the range of illustration could be much wider. Nobody feels the pinch of want, in this exalted circle; no one is superannuated. In fact, they show no sign of being aware that such things happen. They are all courtly, exquisite, removed; and as they near the world's edge, their only problems are the problems of heart and soul.

"A Question of Upbringing," by Anthony Powell (Heinemann; 9s. 6d.), is just as thin on plot; it deals with the emergence of background. At school, diversities are only budding, and are misted over by a shared life: to such a point that even the grotesque will hardly stand out. Take Widmerpool, thick-lipped and spectacled, with his aggrieved expression, pounding on his lone runs, aspiring, always vainly, to the house football team. He sounds grotesque, says the narrator, Jenkins; really he was quite dim, although an oddity in moderation. Stringham and Templer were hand-in-glove in those days, and Jenkins, third in the alliance, but a little junior, thought them twin souls. Not till the very end did it occur to him that either might have reservations. Yet all the time, they were expecting and prepared to cool off; for Templer's background is the City, Stringham's is a great house. Each will be reabsorbed into his proper element, and they can see it coming.

We have a glimpse of each at home, and then of Jenkins in a French family—where who should burst on him but Widmerpool, as keen as ever, pounding his way to eminence. Then college—and the early ties wear right through. For they were only casual, and the pull of life is too strong for them.

Of course it is quite true; and it is also highly entertaining, by fits and starts. Its eye for people and the social scene, its range of atmospheres, its comic spirit is the right stuff. But the ingredients are thrown in pell-mell; not sorted out, not even stirred. They come in lumps—and what a waste, one can't help thinking, of a good novel.

"That Great Hunter," by Daphne Slee (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.), although narrated by the elderly commander of a bomber station, should perhaps be labelled "For Women Only." It is the story of a young Polish officer, who has been sent to Exewye to improve his mind. Morale and discipline are at a low ebb, and, among other things, it is a tenet that the Poles are scum. For this a Polish wing-commander is the desperate remedy.

And Jan, of course, has a bad time. Only we don't hear much about it, for the writer can't bear to dwell on it. Quite soon he has won through, and is adored by everyone, except the really Bad Types. The station, just as hurriedly and imperceptibly, is "re-educated," into a band of brothers and a school for paladins. And all the rest is rhapsody and pathos. There is no plot, and very little continuity; the dear old "Walrus" just rambles on. And I must say that he is ultra-readable, and fun as well as pathos abounds. The jargon, I am sure, is right, the "gen" impeccable. And, what is more, the hero has personality. But when I add that he is also tall and feline, creamy-haired and green-eyed, with lovely Continental manners and a tragic past—and will see just how the male impersonation breaks down. To put it very briefly, and to understate it, this is an adoring book.

"The Last Appointment," by Hartley Howard (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is yet another thug-and-blood story, featuring a private investigator. The daughter of his client, a psychiatrist, is being blackmailed, and she won't explain; so Glenn is hired to look into it. And then the murders and attempted murders start right away. We are told the writer is Canadian-born, not pure American; so I began to wonder if it made a difference, and to make one out. A rather futile pastime: for the scene is New York, and the convention fixed—and, after all, the most traditional of thrillers must have some individual flavour.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THERE are two rival systems of notation for giving moves in chess.

1. P-K4	P-K4	1. e4	e5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	2. Ktf3	Ktc6
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	3. Bb5	a6
4. B×Kt	QP×B	4. Bc6:	dc:

The first two columns above are in familiar ("descriptive") form. The others give the same moves in the "algebraic" notation.

The algebraic is the easier for discussion. Each square has one name only, no matter from which side of the board we are looking. Thus you play and write down "P-Q6." If your opponent had moved a pawn to that same square, he would have written "P-Q3." But "d6" in the algebraic notation represents any move of a pawn to that square. In stating that White wishes to establish a piece on, or is weak on, a certain square, it is most bothersome to have to remember to refer (for example) to White's Q6, to avoid confusion with Black's Q6.

The algebraic is the shorter and clearer. The first two columns above take thirty-eight symbols to say what the last two say in twenty-four. Ambiguities are sometimes a nightmare under our system. In the following admittedly exaggerated position, for instance, with White to move, "P×P" might mean any one of fourteen different captures, and even "KtP×P" might mean any of four. Even QKtP×P is ambiguous and would need expanding to QKtP×BP! This would be expressed in the algebraic system without any indefiniteness and (what is more important) without any special measures, simply by "bc."



Our system is used throughout the U.S.A., Spain, Portugal and South America, Britain and all our Empire, Commonwealth and Colonial associates. Since the bulk of the world's production of books is in these countries, more chess literature is printed in our system than the algebraic. The Indians have started a chess magazine. They use our system. The Germans originated the algebraic system (whence it is occasionally called the German notation), and never fail to pour scorn on ours, so what an eye-opener it has been to find articles in recent German chess magazines explaining our system! It is our chess literature which has won this concession.

The algebraic system, being universal in Europe, the great stronghold of chess (apart from Spain), is undoubtedly practised by the majority of the world's chess players. Even the Russians use such symbols as e2, e4 in the middle of pages of text in their own special alphabet.

So ours is an inferior system practised by a minority, mainly Anglo-Saxons and their pupils, and holding its own against all comers. Does this awaken echoes? Does it remind you, somehow, of 5½ yards making 1 pole, perch or rod; or that "though," "cough," "rough," "plough" and "through" are about as near to rhyming as "tomato" is to "banana"?

Georges Renaud rammed the algebraic system down French chessplayers' throats when editor of the leading French newspaper chess columns, by refusing to print a game in any other notation. France is the one nation to have changed over. I and others have published a few chess books in the algebraic notation here, but found the forces of tradition far too strong.

Sometimes it seems that the one occasional excuse for primitive violence is in the unseating of nonsensical traditions like these.

Austria used to be a little island of "keep to the left" on the roads, surrounded by countries where the traffic kept right. An Austrian friend of mine who could not be more anti-Nazi, admits frankly: "This vexing anomaly had been debated for years without anybody getting anywhere. It had cost many and many a life, for visitors from every surrounding country kept wandering over to the wrong side absentmindedly." Then came the Anschluss. The Germans moved in. The next day, Austrian traffic kept to the right—and that was that.

him in a new and literary guise. This is a description of a journey which he made with Mr. Nevil Shute, the author, in a single-engined Proctor aircraft to Australia, via India, Burma, Siam, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. The result of the two travellers' zest and gusto, their capacity as trained observers, and Mr. Riddell's eye for attractive and striking illustrations, is a most readable and memorable travel book.

Mr. Riddell's book is necessarily that of a traveller whose observation cannot, in the nature of things, penetrate far below the surface. "A White Man in Thailand," by S. Conyers-Keynes (Hale; 15s.), is the result of twenty-five years in a country which I was brought up to call Siam. It is interesting; like Mr. Riddell's book it has zest, and is well larded with anecdotes and spiced with humour.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM POMPEII TO THAILAND.

THOUGH Bulwer Lytton is scarcely read nowadays, in my childhood his "Last Days of Pompeii" made a tremendous impression on me. I imagine that if I were to re-read it to-day I should find it very Victorian and the style by no means light. It was Lytton's book, however, which had prepared me for the emotional excitement of visiting Pompeii and Herculaneum for the first time, when I was some seventeen years old. The two cities, filled with all that was best in the art and luxurious living of the Roman and Greek world (for Greek influence on both was very strong), were overwhelmed so utterly

and so suddenly that the moral of the transitory nature of the life we lead could not be more plainly drawn. The baker's shop with the loaves still in the oven, bodies, rich and poor, preserved for ever in the very attitudes of sudden and agonising death by the laval deposit which killed them; the mummified dogs straining against their collars and the chains which prevented them from getting away; all bear witness to one of the most dramatic and horrifying catastrophes in the history of the world. Pompeii and its twin sufferer, Herculaneum, are subjects for a writer or an archaeologist which might be called "a natural." That is to say, any book on this subject is likely to be of absorbing interest. But even starting with this advantage, Egon Caesar Conte Corti has produced an unusually fascinating book in "The Destruction and Resurrection of Pompeii and Herculaneum" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.).

In modern times, of course, the inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum might have taken warning from the earthquake which caused so much damage in the year 63 A.D. This was obviously of volcanic origin and, as the result of the sea penetrating through to the heart of Vesuvius, setting up there gases and stresses which were trying to find the vent which they eventually discovered in the appalling explosion of 79 A.D. But although some centuries previously Vesuvius had erupted and, indeed, the Forum of Pompeii was built on the summit of the lava hill, even the tradition of the dangerous nature of the mountain seems to have been forgotten. The explosion, when it took place, came out of a clear blue sky, when the bread was baking golden in the oven, the sucking-pigs were done to a turn, when the priests were offering their sacrifices, the merchants chaffering, the wine-bibbers, such as the one who scribbled: "Suavis craves for full wine-jars, please, and his thirst is enormous," were drinking their habitual tipples at the booths opening on to the chariot-wheel-rutted streets. Of the actual destruction itself, so vividly reconstructed by Conte Corti, there is no necessity to write. But until the seventeenth century the two towns had been virtually forgotten. Herculaneum was buried deep under the great and horrifying stream of mud which had petrified. Only an occasional column or part of a high building projected from the humus and scrub which covered the site of Pompeii.

It was left to the "enlightened despot" Charles III. and his great Minister, Tanucci, and more particularly to Winckelmann, to initiate and carry through the exciting series of discoveries which laid bare the astonishing wealth of historical, artistic and architectural treasure. They revealed the "embalming" of the two living cities—if one may put it like that—in a second of time in the volcanic ash and mud which preserved them as perfectly and effectively as did the desert sand which far more gradually overwhelmed such Roman towns as Leptis Magna, in North Africa. Conte Corti is to be congratulated (and so are his translators, K. and R. Gregor Smith) on this exciting combination of scholarship and literary and dramatic skill.

In the life of the Roman citizen, the theatre, or theatres, in his town played an immensely important part. Both Pompeii and Herculaneum were unusually well endowed with theatres. A most interesting book which, while it is intended evidently for scholars and students will have a far wider appeal, is "The Roman Stage," by W. Beare (Methuen; 25s.). As in so many other things, the Romans were imitators of the Greeks, so that all of the twenty-six comedies by Terence and Plautus, of which we possess at least fragments, were translated from the Greek. The theatre was a means of demonstrating the culture and wealth not merely of the city but of its magistrates and chief citizens. The Roman theatre had its rules and its technical contrivances (Mr. Beare's description of the origin of the Roman drop-curtain is of unusual interest). This is a book that should appeal not merely to scholars, but to students of our modern theatre and to the general reader.

One does not have to be an Oriental scholar to appreciate a wonderful volume, "The Art of India and Pakistan," edited by Sir Leigh Ashton (Faber and Faber; 4½ guineas). This is the illustrated and commemorative catalogue of the exhibition held at the Royal Academy. The standard of colour reproduction is quite admirable, particularly in such pictures as "Lovers in a Moonlit Retreat," as charming a work as has been painted by any nation, Oriental or Occidental. The whole volume testifies to the admirable taste of Sir Leigh Ashton and his collaborators.

There are some fine illustrations, this time photographic, covering much of the same geographical ground in "Flight of Fancy," by James Riddell (Hale; 25s.). Those who knew "Jimmy" Riddell before the war as a first-class international skier, will be amused to find



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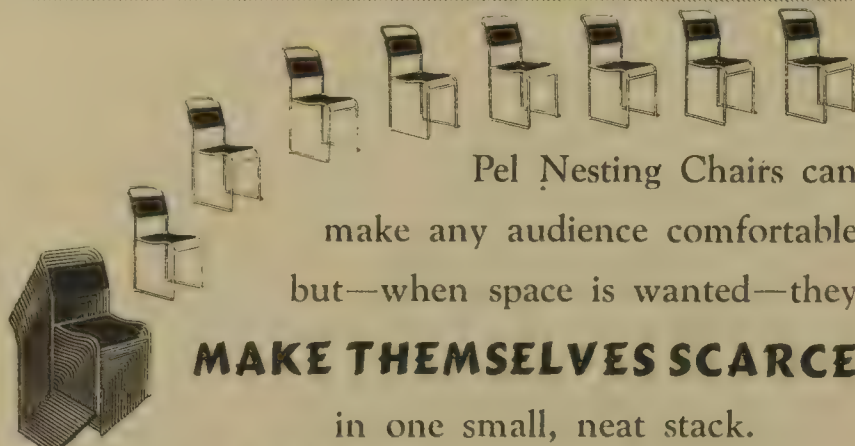
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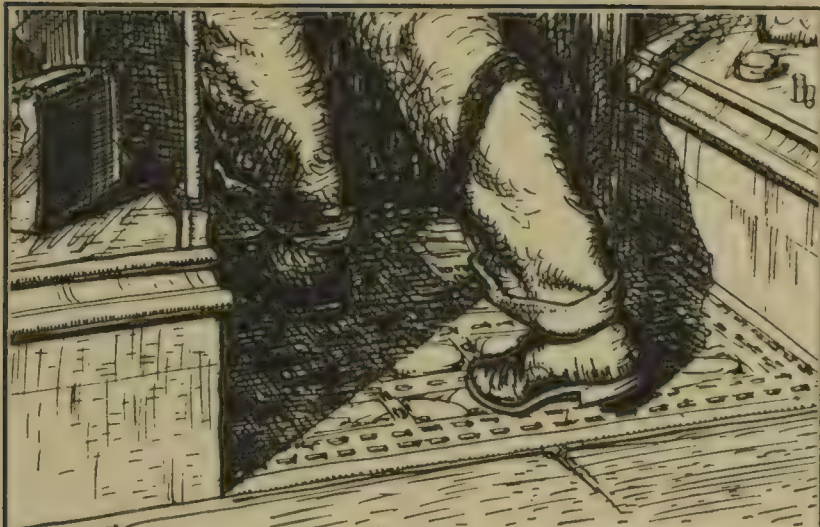
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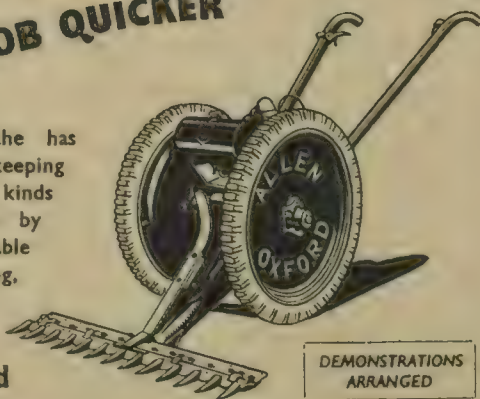
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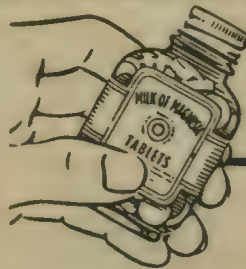
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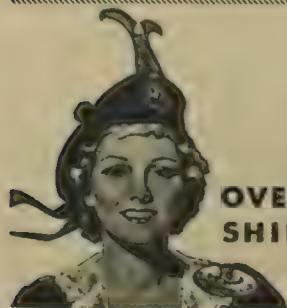
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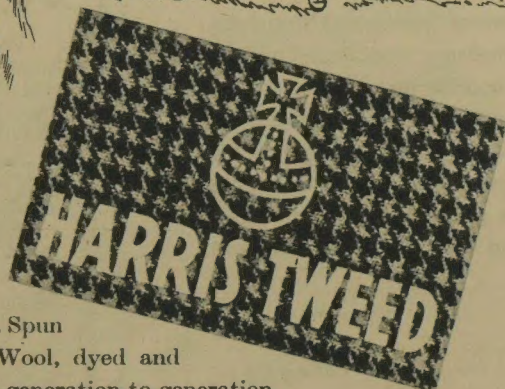


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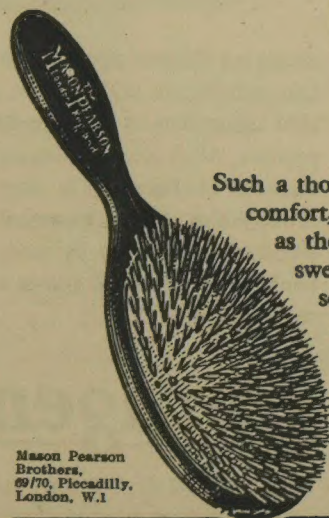
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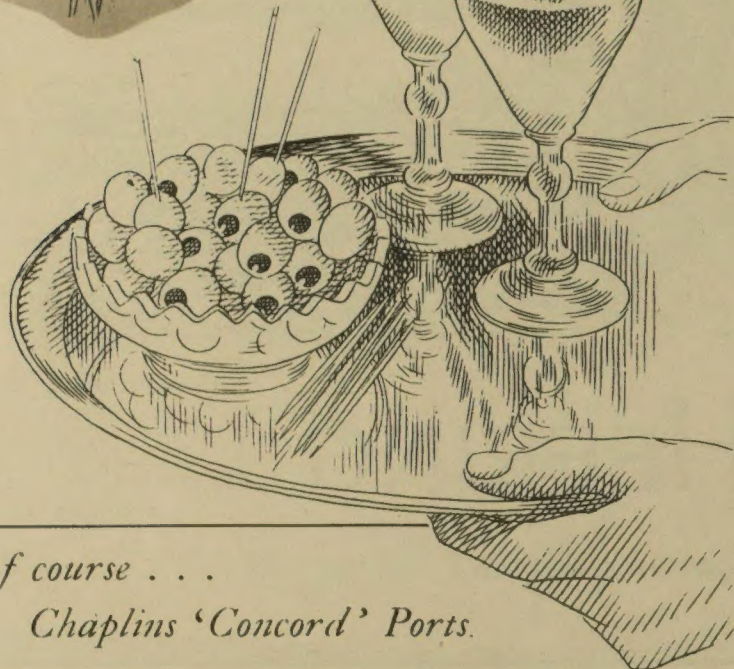
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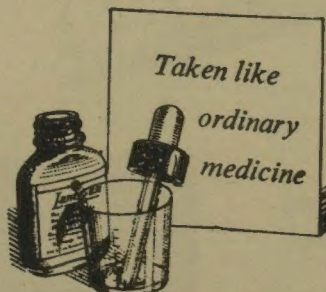
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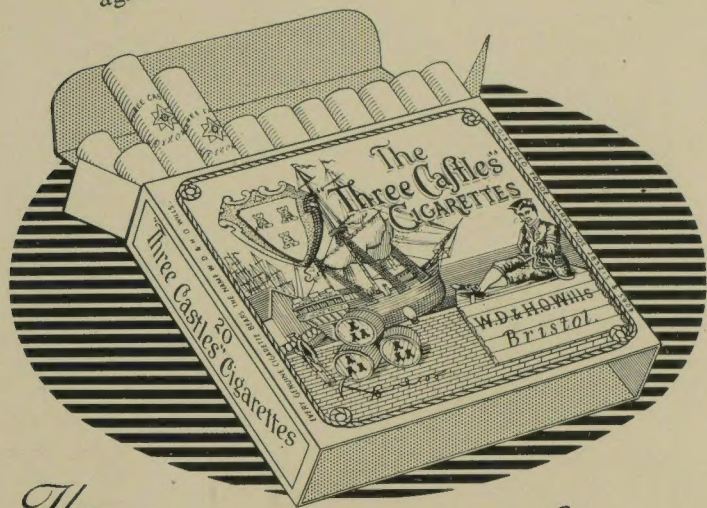
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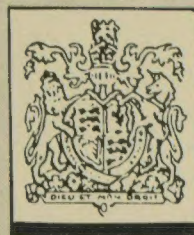
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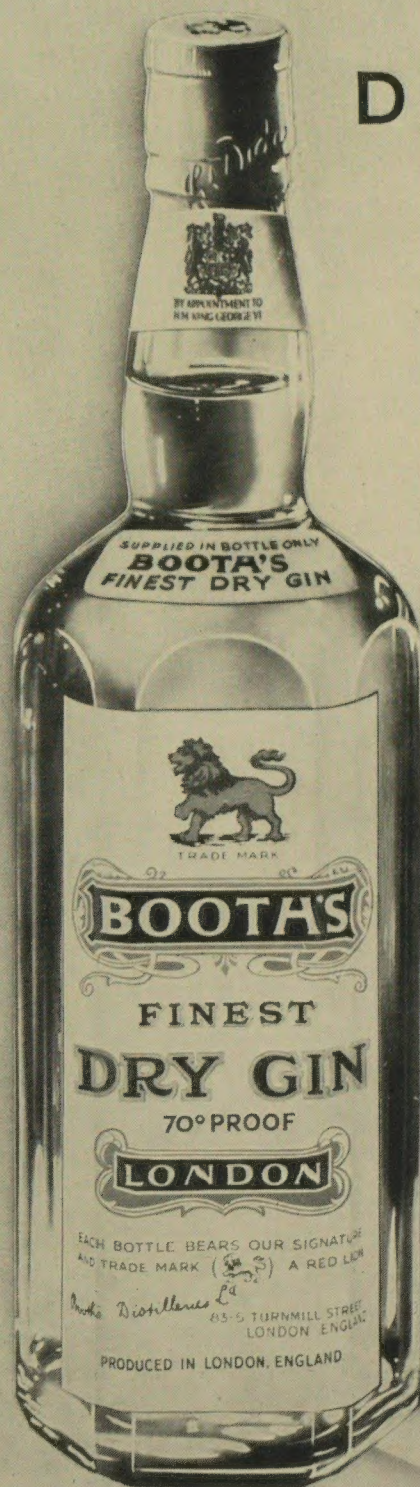
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